

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Art, Science, and Literature,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 92 (2252).—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

PRICE 4d., Stamped 5d.

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Each young Lady is requested to bring dinner napkins, sheets and towels, silver forks and spoons, for her own use; which will be returned on leaving the College.

The year is divided into Three Terms; namely, Lent, Easter, and Michaelmas. Lent Term begins January 21st, and ends April 20th. Easter Term begins April 21st, and ends July 31st. Michaelmas Term begins October 1st, and ends December 21st.

The Vacations are from the end of July to the 30th of September; from the 21st of December to the 21st of January; and from the day before Good Friday to the end of Easter week.

Fees to be paid each Term in advance, and notice of one Term to be given previously to removal. No reduction made for occasional absence. References exchanged.

**MR. H. WALLIS'S WEST-END EXHIBITION** of high class modern PAINTINGS is NOW OPEN, with many important additions, at the HAYMARKET GALLERY, next door to the Theatre. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Nine till Six.

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Particularly a fine example of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; an important work by Fredk. Taylor; and unusual specimens of David Cox and W. Hunt. May be viewed on the Friday and Saturday previously: now on view.

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**MESSRS. FOSTER** are directed by the Executors of the late Jacob Bell, Esq., to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, No. 54, Pall Mall, on Thursday, May 3, at 1 precisely, the DRAWINGS, by Sir Edwin Landseer, of Free Trade and Protection, so well known to the public by the admirable engravings; also a collection of early proofs of many of the engravings from Sir Edwin's famous pictures. May be viewed two days prior, and catalogues had, at 54, Pall Mall.

Pictures, Sketches and Drawings of the late James Ward, Esq., R.A.

**MESSRS. FOSTER** are directed by the Executrix to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, in May, all the PICTURES, DRAWINGS, and SKETCHES of that well-known and distinguished artist JAMES WARD, Esq., R.A., of which more detailed advertisements will shortly appear.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

All Works of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, or Engraving, intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in on Monday, the 9th, or Tuesday, the 10th of April next, after which time no Work can possibly be received, nor can any Works be received which have already been publicly exhibited.

**FRAMES.**—All Pictures and Drawings must be in gilt frames. Oil Paintings under glass, and Drawings with wide margins, are inadmissible. Excessive breadth in Frames, as well as projecting mouldings, may prevent Pictures obtaining the situation they otherwise merit. The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

Every possible care will be taken of Works sent for exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package.

The prices of Works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

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The following LECTURES will be delivered during the present (Lent) Term, 1860:—

February 14th.  
The Rev. Prof. CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S.—Theories of Light and Colours, with Experiments.

February 21st.  
W. T. ILIFF, Esq., M.D.—The Book of Nature—The Seasons—what they show, and what they teach.

February 28th.  
The Rev. Prof. CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S.—Theories of Combustion, with Experiments.

March 18th.  
FRED. ARNOLD, Esq., Ch. Ch., Oxon.—Charles V. and his Time.

March 27th.  
The Rev. H. C. HEILBRONN, R.A.—The Tendencies of Modern Literature.

The Lectures will commence precisely at Eight, p.m.

## SCIENCE INSTRUCTION.—A Course of

Lectures, addressed principally to Teachers, on the best methods of acquiring and communicating knowledge in the following branches of Science, in which Certificates are given under the Science Minute of 2nd June, 1859, by the Science and Art Department, will be delivered at the South Kensington Museum, on the following Monday evenings:—

Lecture I. Practical Plane and Descriptive Geometry, and their application to Mechanical and Machine Drawing and Practical Architecture.—Professor T. Bradley. —16th April.

" II. Mechanical Physics.—Rev. B. M. Cowie, M.A.—23rd April.

" III. Experimental Physics.—Professor Tyndall, F.R.S.—30th April.

" IV. Geology and Mineralogy.—Professor W. W. Smyth, F.R.S.—7th May.

" V. Zoology.—Professor Huxley, F.R.S.—14th May.

" VI. Botany.—Dr. Lankester, M.D., F.R.S.—21st May.

The Lecture Theatre will hold 450 persons. 300 seats will be reserved exclusively for Schoolmasters, Schoolmistresses, Pupil-Teachers, &c.; who, upon registering their names, will obtain tickets at 6d. each for the whole course. Tickets for the remaining 150 seats will be issued at 5s. each for the course, or 1s. each lecture, when there may be room in the Theatre.

Tickets may be obtained at the Museum and Offices, and of Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 159, Piccadilly.

By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

## SCIENCE TEACHING.—Manufacturers,

Publishers, &c., desiring to supply Schools and Classes for Science established under the Science Minute of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education of the 2nd June, 1859, with Scientific Apparatus, Instruments, Examples, and Books, bearing on—1, Geometrical, Mechanical, Machine, and Architectural Drawing; 2, Physics (Mechanical and Experimental); 3, Chemistry; 4, Geology and Mineralogy; 5, Natural History (Zoology and Botany, Vegetable and Animal Physiology); 6, Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, and Physical Geography;—should apply for the conditions to the Secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, London, W.

By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The

GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

## EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, incorporated by Royal Charter.—The

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this SOCIETY is NOW OPEN from 9 a.m. until dusk. Admission 1s.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. T. ROBERTS, Secretary.

## MONSIEUR LOUIS BLANC, late Member

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Reserved Seats, 5s.; ditto for the course, 16s. Area and Gallery, 2s. 6d.; ditto for the course, 8s. Tickets may be obtained and Reserved Seats secured, by early application to the Secretary, at the Institution, 17, Edward Street, Portman Square.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—Director, Dr. WYLDE. —Ninth Season. The dates of the Five Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts are fixed for Monday Evenings, March 19, April 16, May 14, June 11. The Public Rehearsals on Saturday afternoons, Feb. 18, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9. The subscription is £2 2s. for a Sofa Stall for the series; Unreserved Seats, £1 1s. the series. The Orchestra will be on the same grand scale as last season, and will consist of nearly 300 performers. The following eminent artists appeared last season, many of whom, with others who may arrive in London, will be re-engaged:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Mme. Castellan, Mme. Hayes, Mme. Rudersdorf, Mme. Bishop, Miss Dolby, Mme. Caradori, &c.; Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Reichart, Sig. Belletti, Herr Formes, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, &c.; also, as Pianists, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mme. Pleyel, Mme. Clara Schuman, Mr. C. Halle, Herr Rubinstein, Mr. Barnett; as Violinists, Herr Joachim, Herr Wieniawski, Sig. Siorvi, &c. Single Tickets, Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, reserved, 7s. and 5s.; can be obtained at the Ticket-office, St. James's Hall; at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street; at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Chapside.

N.B. At the Third Concert, Monday evening, April 16th, and Public Rehearsal, Saturday afternoon, April 14, will be performed Spohr's Grand Symphony the "Power of Soul," and other works.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—HANDEL'S MESSIAH,** Tuesday, April 3, at 8, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH. Principal Vocalists—Miss Banks, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lewis Thomas. Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d.; stalls, 5s.

**THE CHRISTMAS WEEK, A CHRISTMAS STORY.** By the REV. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.

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"This is a charming little story, of which the groundwork is the picture of a curate's Christmas. The troubles of a poor simple-hearted curate, the Rev. Samuel Taggall, who works for an absent rector, are defined with manifest truth, and with a sense of hearty sympathy. Poverty, nakedly represented, does not lessen the dignity of the good man, who, during one Christmas week, is plunged into despair by a dismissal, but of course made, at the end of it, as happy and prosperous as it befits the hero of a Christmas tale to be. It would be well for the labourers in the church if Professor Christmas had the making of their Christmases. This little volume has an earnest meaning of its own. It has been written with a full knowledge of the various phases of clerical life that it paints, and it will win for itself a very cordial reception from the public."—*Examiner*, Dec. 24th.

"Success has attended the attempt to blend moral teaching with amusing reading."—*Illustrated London News*.

"The Christmas book of Mr. Christmas though the theme is old, has a pleasant mark of Christmas time in its charities of feeling, and in its crisp and brisk literary style."—*Athenaeum*.

"The titillating title of this overwhelming irruption of 'Christmas' is significant of the hiss with which the book will be perused. Some writers have the untoward accomplishment of spoiling what they pilfer, and of obliterating the treasures of an original they appropriate, but cannot comprehend. Some years ago a German tale of a village pastor's sufferings was translated with much popularity, and we have it now cooked up by the Rev. Professor, with a careful dilution of every noble thought, elevated sentiment, or striking observation. Like a delicate fabric, submitted to an awkward laundress, the brilliant colours of the original become washed out, and substituted by the soap and froth characteristic of the penny-a-liner. The audacity of the plagiarist excites our amazement, the debility of the style, our pity, and the turpitude of the literary larceny is exaggerated by the unskillfulness of the application. This latter circumstance, however, though it deteriorates the model story, renders the work of the critic easy, since in the heterogeneous medley, whatever remains of noble and elevated sentiment belongs, of course, to the spirit of the original, while what is mean, flashy, and puerile, is evidently the copyist's own."—*Court Circular*. (This print must not be confounded with the *Court Journal*.)

It will be a sufficient reply to this, to state that no such book exists, either in the German or in any translation, as that which the reviewer describes. The assertion is without any foundation, save in his own invention.

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"This is a little volume, but big with interest. It has seldom been our lot to peruse a story that has so completely absorbed our deepest sympathy. It is so full of the most touching incidents, told by a master pen, that we earnestly recommend its perusal to our friends, especially to our young friends, whose tenderest emotions it is sure to call forth in such a manner as to make them happier and better."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

"Had this volume reached us earlier, we should have spoken of its merits at the time when they were most intended to be made known; but, even though that time has passed, we cannot refrain from giving it the meed of praise which it deserves—both for its object and the manner in which that object has been carried out."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"The tale is life-like, charming, and full of a cheerful philosophy. The style, though simple, is scholarly, and it is easy to see through the quiet humour with which it is overlaid, that in many instances there was no want of power to apply the lash to certain human weaknesses and pretensions, where nothing has been sought beyond raising a hearty laugh."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

## BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

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- II. Outremanche Correspondence. No. III. Annexation, Free Trade, and Reform.
- III. Gurney; or Two Fortunes. A Tale of the Times. By Dudley Costello. Chaps. XXIX. and XXX.
- IV. Stream Sounds. By Monkshood.
- V. Egypt in 1859. By T. Herbert Noyes, jun.
- VI. A Vacation Tour in Spain. Toledo—Valencia—Barcelona.
- VII. How One Fire lit Another; or, the Mischief done by my Photograph. By Ouida. Chap. I. Royston Trevelyan.—II. Floressime Luard.—III. Our Little Queen forms her Household.
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London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington Street.

## COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Esq.—Edited by W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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- I.—The French Army.
- II.—The Belles of the Island. A Colonial Sketch. By Mrs. Bushby.
- III.—Savoy.
- IV.—The Shakespeare Question: Mr. Hamilton's Inquiry.
- V.—The Child. By W. Charles Kent.
- VI.—East Lynne. By the Author of "Ashley." Part the Fourth. Chap. I. The Keepers of the Dead. Chap. II. The New Peer and the Bank-Note.
- VII.—The Emperor Frederick II. By Sir Nathaniel.
- VIII.—Pope and Bolingbroke. By Cyrus Redding.
- IX.—The Wine Question.
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This Day is published, price Two Shillings,

## THE JOURNAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES, AND ASSURANCE MAGAZINE. No. XXXIX., for April.

CONTENTS:—

- M. REBOUL—On a New Method for Calculating the Value of an Assurance to the Survivor nominated, &c.  
MR. FORTER—On some Considerations suggested by the Annual Reports of the Registrar-General, being an Inquiry into the Question as to how far the Inordinate Mortality in this Country, exhibited by those Reports, is controllable by Human Agency. Part I.  
HERR HOFF—On the Life Assurance Companies of Germany; their Business and Position in the Year 1858.  
Notice of New Works.  
Proceedings of the Institute of Actuaries.  
London: CHARLES & EDWIN LAYTON, 150, Fleet Street; Depot for Books on Assurance—Life, Fire, and Marine.

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London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

## THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW for April, Price 2s. 6d.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

## REVIEWS.

*Paleontology, or a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals, and their Geological Relations.*  
By Richard Owen, F.R.S., &c. (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.)

It would probably be no easy matter to select a more striking instance of the activity and success with which scientific inquiry is prosecuted at the present day, than the great advance which has recently been made by Paleontology. It is only within the last few years that this science, the first foundations of which were laid by the illustrious Cuvier, at the close of the last century, has been brought to that degree of almost incredible perfection to which it has now attained. The problem, the solution of which is the special object of this branch of scientific research is one of such difficulty as to appear, at first sight, well nigh hopeless. It is no less than to trace back the natural history of the earth to the period when the creative power first peopled its surface with organic life—an epoch which is separated from our own by a series of ages so vast that the mind is absolutely unable to form any adequate idea of their immensity. The sole materials available for the prosecution of this apparently endless task consist of the fossil remains of organised beings which are found imbedded in the crust of the earth. The scantiness of the material has, however, been more than counterbalanced by the skill and energy that have been brought to bear on its examination. It is, indeed, difficult to imagine how, as far as regards the method of inquiry, any further advance is possible, since the experienced palæontologist is now able, in many instances, from the examination of a single fossil bone, to reconstruct with unerring certainty the entire frame of the animal to which it belonged. Nor are the benefits which the study of palæontology has conferred upon scientific research by any means confined exclusively to its own special and immediate object. The endeavour to interpret the evidence afforded by fossil remains has led to comparisons of the forms and structures of existing plants and animals; by which means the science of comparative anatomy, especially as regards the animal kingdom, has been greatly and rapidly advanced. In applying the results of these comparisons to the restoration of extinct species, it has been necessary to study the relations existing between structure and function, in order to obtain an idea of the food and habits of such species; from which study has resulted the establishment of the law of "correlation of structures;" one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to the science of physiology. The efforts of the zoologist to attain the highest and ultimate object of his pursuit, a systematic classification of the animal kingdom, have been greatly aided by the determination of the nature and affinities of extinct animals. But, of all the collateral sciences, geology is undoubtedly that to which palæontology has rendered the most important services. Not only is the examination of fossil remains by far the most effectual, if not the only, means by which the geologist can arrive at certain conclusions respecting the comparative antiquity of the earth's strata; but it has also, by means of considerations connected with the geographical distribution of species, thrown great light upon the former configuration of the earth's surface,

and upon the distribution of land and water in ages incalculably remote from our own.

In the very important branch of physical science to which we now refer Professor Owen is, beyond all question, the most distinguished authority. He is the arbiter to whose judgment are submitted all newly-discovered fossil specimens from all parts of the world; and by his sentence the opinions of the original discoverers are confirmed or set aside. It is impossible to open any modern work which treats of this science in detail without being struck by the vast number of species to which his name is appended—a proof that it is by him that these species have been classified and named. The separate treatises which he has published from time to time on the fossil remains of different portions of the animal kingdom, are universally acknowledged as the highest authorities on the subjects with which they severally deal. It is, therefore, a matter for hearty congratulation to all who are interested in the progress and well-being of physical science, that he has collected into one compact volume the main results which the labours of himself and his brother palæontologists have hitherto attained. It is this volume that now lies before us. It contains a succinct but complete summary of the present state of palæontological knowledge, as far as regards the animal kingdom. The greater portion of it is necessarily occupied with a detailed and technical description of different fossil species, of which it is impossible, on an occasion like the present, to do more than indicate the existence. These details are, however, interspersed with very interesting particulars relating to the principal conclusions arrived at by palæontological research, as well as to the means by which these conclusions have been reached; and to some of these we now purpose briefly to direct the reader's attention.

The most usual means by which information is obtained respecting extinct animals is the discovery of their actual remains in the fossil state. This, however, is not the only source of information open to the palæontologist. Air-breathing ambulatory animals may, as Professor Owen remarks, leave other evidence of their former presence on the earth than their fossilized remains. There are several circumstances under which impressions made upon any part of the earth's surface soft enough to admit of them, may be retained after the impressing body has perished. A soft-bodied animal may sink into sand or mud, which, in course of time, hardens into stone; and then a cast of the animal may ultimately be formed, as the organic matter of which it is composed is gradually replaced by any silicious or calcareous matter held in solution by water percolating the matrix in which it is enclosed. Even where the impression has been made by a body that was removed immediately after it had made the pressure, evidence of it may still be preserved. Thus it is by no means uncommon to find rocks of a very remote origin, generally sandstones, marked by the impressions of raindrops, by ripple-marks, or by the footprints of animals that have passed over their surface. Attention was first drawn to impressions of this description—due either to physical or meteoric forces, to dead organic bodies, or to the transitory action of living beings—by Dr. Duncan, who, in 1828, observed, in certain sandstones of Dumfriesshire, footprints, from which he inferred the existence of tortoises at the time when these strata were deposited; and they have, since that period, multiplied to so great an extent as to give rise to a distinct branch of palæontological research, to which the name "Ichnology" has been

given. Impressions of this description must have been made at low water on a tidal shore; and must have hardened sufficiently to resist the obliterating action of the waves before they were covered by, and received a deposit of sand or mud from, the returning tide. Marks of raindrops have been observed even in the Cambrian rocks, which underlie the Silurian, and are the oldest sedimentary deposits with which we are acquainted; and their existence is a conclusive proof that, even at that incalculably remote period, the globe was governed by the same general meteorological laws that are in force at the present time. A few years ago some very remarkable footprints were discovered in the Potsdam sandstones, an American formation coeval with the oldest Silurian strata of the British Isles, which were at first considered to have been made by a reptile, and were therefore regarded as a proof of the existence of air-breathing vertebrate animals at a very early period in the history of the globe. Professor Owen, in his present volume, enters into a minute examination of these impressions, thereby affording an admirable and most instructive example of the ichnologist's mode of work. The conclusion at which he arrives is that these tracks were made, not by a reptile, but by a large crustacean animal; to whose form the great King-crab (*Limulus*) is, of all existing species, that which probably bears the closest resemblance. By far the larger number of the footprints that have been already discovered are those of birds. These are very peculiar in form, and cannot possibly be mistaken for those of any other class of animals. Some of the oldest are of enormous size, not less than twenty inches in length; and must have been made by a bird at least four times larger than the ostrich. The earliest bird-marks that have yet been found are in sandstones of the triassic or liassic period; a discovery which carries back the existence of this class of animals to an epoch much more remote than that of the eocene tertiary strata, which are the earliest that have as yet been ascertained to contain their actual fossilized remains.

Professor Owen drops here and there, throughout his volume, an exceedingly valuable hint as to the method to be employed in interpreting the evidence afforded by palæontological research. Thus he tells us that, whenever the antecedent forms of an extinct genus of any class are known, the characters of such genus should be compared with those of its predecessors in such class, rather than with its successors or with existing forms, in order to gain an insight into its true affinities. The neglect of this rule has not unfrequently led to erroneous conclusions. The Labyrinthodus of the new red sandstone, for instance, which, from the search for analogous structures having been directed too exclusively in an upward direction, are generally regarded as true reptiles, are shown, by comparison with their predecessors, to be the most sauroid or reptilian extremity of a group intermediate between fishes and reptiles; of which the Salamandroid ganoids, Lepidosteus and Polypterus, are the most ichthyoid extreme, and the Archegosaurus and Lepidosiren are intermediate terms. Another valuable hint is that the less conspicuous peculiarities of a fossil, which require to be searched for, are frequently of more importance for the determination of its true character, than the more obvious phenomena which strike the eye at the first glance. "It is," says Professor Owen, "as if truth were whispered rather than outspoken by Nature." But by far the most important engine of interpretation possessed by the palæontologist is

that afforded him by the establishment of the law of Correlation of Structures, to which we have already referred. The credit of having been the first to perceive and enunciate this law must undoubtedly be assigned to the illustrious Cuvier, by whom it was originally stated in the following terms:—"Every organised being forms a whole, a single circumscribed system, the parts of which mutually correspond and concur to the same definitive action by a reciprocal reaction. None of these parts can change without the others also changing, and consequently each part, taken separately, indicates and gives all the others." A few remarks, explanatory and in illustration of this important law, will not be out of place. The close examination of existing species of mammalia shows us that certain modifications of one portion of the structure are invariably accompanied, within the limits of the same species, by a corresponding modification of another part. Thus there is an invariable connection between the horns and hoof of horned ungulate animals: those ungulates which have hoofs in one or two pairs being the only ones that have one or two pairs of horns on the frontal bone; while those that have three hoofs have either one horn only, or two horns placed one behind the other in the middle line of the skull. Again, all mammalia have some of their teeth implanted in the jaw by two or more roots or fangs. A third instance is found in the connection which exists, in herbivora and carnivora respectively, between the form of the molar teeth and that of the skull, bladebone, and feet. For these and similar coincidences, which are the result of actual observation, we can, in some cases, assign a sufficient reason; and, wherever we can do so, the coincidence becomes a correlation of structure—in other words, we know, not only that the coincidence exists, but also how the coincident parts are related to each other. When a correlation of structure is once fairly established, we can apply it to the interpretation of fossil remains with much greater certainty and confidence than we can a mere empirical coincidence, since the application of the latter depends solely upon the actual amount of observation at the period of such application. The three instances of coincident structure which we have given above will serve to illustrate the difference in value between a correlation and a mere coincidence. The connection between the horns and hoofs of ungulate animals is a purely empirical coincidence; we are unable, in the present state of our physiological knowledge, to assign any reason for it whatever. We cannot state the precise reason why some of the teeth of Mammalia possess two or more fangs; but it is clear that the more firmly a tooth is fixed, the more completely it will do its work; and it is conceivable that a more complete mastication, which must conduce to a more perfect digestion, may be correlated with the warm blood, quick-beating heart, and quick-breathing lungs of a mammal. Just so far as this line of reasoning is true, and no farther, is this observed coincidence elevated into a correlation of structure. In the third instance, of the connection between the teeth and other parts of the frame of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, the correlation is clearly and conclusively made out. We can see why the lion, for instance, which has carnassial teeth, should also have a strong jaw; a skull fitted for the attachment of powerful muscles, both for moving the jaw and for raising the head; a broad and well-developed bladebone; an arrangement of the bones of the fore-leg which admits of the leg,

with the paw, being rotated and turned upwards, by which its application as a seizing and tearing instrument is greatly increased; and a complex, prehensile paw, armed with strong retractile claws. In the bovine tribe, on the other hand, the connection between the broad molar teeth, adapted for bruising and grinding, but not for tearing, food, and the shape of the skull, bladebone, fore-leg, and hoofed foot is not less evident or rational. If, therefore, we possess a single molar, or any other characteristic part of any animal belonging either to the feline or the bovine class, it is quite possible to construct therefrom the entire skeleton, complete and accurate in all its leading parts. Neither must it be forgotten, that mere empirical coincidences, though less conclusive than well-established correlations, are not without their value; and that their application to the interpretations of palæontological evidence has not unfrequently led to striking and important deductions, the truth of which later discoveries have fully confirmed. Coincidences so invariable must, as Cuvier observed, have some cause, though we may not know what it is. The discovery of these causes, and the consequent elevation of all coincidences of structure into established correlations, are objects to be attained by the labours of future comparative anatomists.

Before proceeding to notice some of the general conclusions which are deducible from the results of palæontological research, we are tempted to lay before the reader a brief extract from that portion of Professor Owen's work which relates to fossil fishes, both because it contains a statement of a very interesting and important fact, and because it affords a very fair sample of the Professor's style of writing.

"Such are some of the forms and structures of fishes that swam in the seas from which were deposited the sediment that has hardened into the 'old red sandstones' of Great Britain, Russia, and other parts of the world. And in this process of consolidation the carcasses of the fishes entombed in the primeval mud have had their share. For, just as a plaster-cast boiled in oil derives greater density and durability from that addition, so the oily and other azotized ammoniacal principles of the decomposing fish operated upon the immediately surrounding sand so as to make it harder and more compact than the sediment not reached by the animal principles. Accordingly it has happened that, in the course of the upheaval and disturbance of old red strata, parts of it, broken up and exposed to the action of torrents, have been reduced to detritus, and washed away, with the exception of certain nodules, generally of a flattened elliptic form, which are harder than the surrounding sandstone. Such nodules form the bed of many a mountain stream in 'old red sandstone' districts of Scotland. If one of these nodules be cleft by a smart and well-applied stroke of the hammer, the cause of its superior density will be seen in a more or less perfect specimen of the fossilized remains of some animal, most commonly a fish.

"But the placogonoid and lepidogonoid, heterocercal and notochordal, fishes of the Devonian epoch existed in such vast shoals in certain favourable inlets, that the whole mass of the sedimentary deposits has been affected by the decomposing remains of successive generations of those fishes. The Devonian flagstones of Caithness are an instance. They owe their peculiar and valuable qualities of density, tenacity, and durability wholly to the dead fishes that rotted in their primitive constituent mud. From no other part of the world, perhaps, can a large flagstone be got which a builder could set on its edge with assurance of its holding long together in that position. A great proportion of the county of Caithness formed, before its upheaval, the bottom of what may be truly termed a 'piscina mirabilis.' Yet there are minds who, cognizant of the wonderful structures of the extinct Devonian fishes—of the evidence of design and adaptation in their structures

—of the altered nature of the sediment surrounding them, and its dependence on the admixture of the decomposing and dissolved soft parts of the old fish—would deliberately reject the conclusions which healthy human reason must, as its Creator has constituted it, draw from such proofs of His operations. There are now individuals, one at least,\* who prefer to try to make it be believed that God had recently, and at once, called into being all these phenomena; that the fossil bones, scales, and teeth had never served their purpose—had never been recent—were never truly developed, but were created fossil; that the creatures they simulate never actually existed; that the superior hardness of the inclosing matrix was equally due to primary creation, not to any secondary cause; that the geological evidences of superposition, successive stratification, and upheaval were, equally with the palæontological evidences, an elaborate design to deceive and not instruct!"

Among the general conclusions to which we are led by the results of palæontological investigation, we may mention, in the first place, that relating to the geographical distribution of species in former times. We learn that, with extinct, as with existing, mammalia, particular forms were assigned to particular provinces; and that, so far back as the more recent tertiary period, the same forms were restricted to the same provinces in which we find them at the present day. When, however, we carry back our comparison into more remote ages, we find that the generic forms of the mammalia then existing in Europe were very different from any at present existing in that great natural continent of which Europe now forms a part; a discovery which leads us to the conclusion that very important changes in the relative distribution of sea and land must have taken place between that period and the present time. "It would seem, indeed," says Professor Owen, "that the further we penetrate into times for the recovery of extinct mammalia, the further we must go into space to find their existing analogues. To match the eocene Palæotheres and Lophiodons, we must bring Tapirs from Sumatra or South America; and we have to travel to the Antipodes for Myrmecobians, the nearest living analogues to the Amphitheres of our colitic strata." We learn further that there has been a continual succession of species from the earliest geological periods, old forms dying out and being in turn succeeded by new. As to the cause of this extinction of species, we cannot speak with absolute certainty; but it is more probable that it has arisen from slow geological changes affecting the conditions under which animals in a state of nature can obtain a sufficient supply of sustenance, than that it is the result of sudden cataclysmal convulsions of the earth's surface. The adoption of this hypothesis implies the want of the power of self-adjustment to changed conditions in the species that have suffered extinction. Whether it is possible, in this succession of species, to trace a progress or development from lower to higher forms of organic life, is a distinct question, and one which has long been a moot point with palæontological inquirers; the Uniformitarians holding that there is no sufficient evidence of such development, while the Progressionists are of opinion that it is satisfactorily proved. Professor Owen's verdict on this question is that, as far as any general conclusion can be deduced from the mass of existing evidence, it is against the doctrine of the Uniformitarian; and that, "in regard to animal life, and its assigned work on this planet, there has plainly been an ascent and progress in the main." In this opinion it is scarcely possible for any one who attaches any real value to the evidence afforded by palæontology not to coincide. We do

\* See "Omphalos," by P. H. Gosse.



not, of course, mean to imply that this development has taken place in sharp and well-defined stages; on the contrary, the change has been so gradual, that the upward tendency becomes distinctly perceptible only when we extend our survey over the whole of the enormous period during which the earth has been the dwelling-place of organic life. The Uniformitarian objects that the development hypothesis rests solely upon negative evidence,—that our only proof that mammalia did not exist in the earliest geological periods is that we have not yet succeeded in finding their remains in the deposits of those epochs; and this objection is perfectly true. He points to the recent discoveries of scanty traces of mammalia in formations of a comparatively early date, and urges that it is unphilosophical to believe that we have yet reached the limit of their first appearance. He dwells upon the difficulties in the way of the preservation of the remains of land animals; and insists that their non-appearance in any formation is no evidence of their non-existence at the time when it was deposited. But the evidence on which the Progressionists' case rests, though purely negative, all tends one way, and is, from its very accumulation, enormously strong. The scanty traces of mammals recently discovered in the earlier secondary deposits may, when compared with the abundance in which they are found in the tertiary formations, fairly be regarded as exceptions which prove the rule. And, though it is quite true that we are not very likely to find the remains of a terrestrial air-breathing animal in strata that have been deposited from an ocean, it must not be forgotten that mammalia are not confined to dry land; and, had there been any cetacea in the seas of the palæozoic or secondary periods, it is impossible to conceive that the formations of those epochs should not have furnished us with abundant traces of their existence.

After having stated his opinion as regards the extinction of species in past geological ages, it is naturally to be expected that Professor Owen would be equally explicit respecting their origin. On this interesting question, however, he says very little; and even of that little it is far from easy to apprehend the precise meaning. Species are, in his opinion, "the result of a continuously operating secondary cause." In adopting this view, however, he expressly declines committing himself to any statement whatever as to the nature or mode of operation of this cause; holding that the biologist is free to entertain the first proposition, without accepting any of the current hypotheses as to the second. He mentions briefly the attempts at explaining the action of this cause, which have been successfully made by Buffon, Lamarck, the author of "Vestiges of Creation," Wallace, and Darwin; and implies, rather than expressly asserts, that there are insurmountable difficulties in the way of acknowledging any one of these endeavours as entirely successful. This being the manner in which Professor Owen expresses himself as to the origin of species, we are, we think, justified in concluding that he does not hold the doctrine that each distinct species has been produced by a separate act of creative power. In tracing back the chain of causes it is impossible to ascend to a higher point than a direct act of creation. This, then, is the first cause; and it is by a secondary cause that species have been produced. A further proof that we are right in the interpretation which we venture to assign to Professor Owen's views, is found in the fact that each and every one of the hypotheses which he selects for special mention, is merely a modification of the theory

of development from one or more original types. Professor Owen is not inclined to admit any essential distinction in nature between the forces which operate in the production of species of organic and inorganic bodies respectively. "It is not probable," he says, "that the species of the mineralogist and the botanist should be owing to influences so different as is implied by the operation of a second cause, and the direct interference of a First Cause. The nature of the forces operating in the production of a lichen may not be so clearly understood as those which arranged the atoms of the crystal on which the lichen spreads. Pouchet has contributed the most valuable evidence as to the fact and mode of the production by external influences of species of Protozoa." He goes on to say that, with regard to the species of higher organisms, known as plants and animals, their origin is as yet a matter of speculation; but he clearly implies that he believes them to be the result of the same secondary cause as that by whose action the species of the mineralogist have been produced. We are heartily glad to find in Professor Owen so unequivocal an acceptance of what we firmly believe to be the only truly philosophical and scientific view of the relations that exist between Biology and other branches of physical science.

We should not be doing full justice to Professor Owen's admirable work if we did not, in conclusion, call attention to the high general excellence of the engravings by which it is illustrated. Clearness and accuracy in the pictorial representation of specific forms is a point of no small importance in a work which is mainly designed for the use of the actual student of fossil organic remains. The volume cannot fail to be acceptable, both to the palæontologist and to the general reader. The former will welcome it as quite the best and most reliable handbook of his science that has yet appeared; and the latter will find in it a concise but comprehensive summary of the results as yet attained in this most interesting branch of physical investigation.

*Occasional Sermons.* By the Rev. R. W. Norman, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Radley. (Oxford: Shrimpton.)

THESE sermons are the production of a cultured, amiable, and devout mind. They were preached to a congregation of boys, or in parish churches, and are distinguished by the simplicity and earnestness which ought to characterize such productions. When preached, beyond the average, they must have been attractive and persuasive. A reading audience is of course very different to a listening audience. The attention that could not be allowed to pause, may now linger and criticise. Yet these sermons may safely bear perusal. Read critically, though criticism may find whereat to carp, they are pleasing, from their freshness of thought and style. Read in a devout and teachable spirit, they are fruitful of wise hints and solemn thought, and practical religious teaching. We do not wonder that an attached audience should desire to possess them in a durable form; but, as they do not stand aloof from the general mass of printed sermons by any very conspicuous ability, it is probable that this feeling may be but languidly shared by the public. It was natural, and it was gratifying, for his hearers to request Mr. Norman to publish his sermons; whether it were wise in him to do so, from a literary, not to say a commercial point of view, is a point which we doubt, or, rather, which we do not doubt at all.

Mr. Norman writes not only with feeling and earnestness, but sometimes also with much poetic power. We may, however, be perhaps allowed to caution him against the use of threadbare imagery, especially when its use is not very appropriate. For instance, we hold the following to be one instance of faulty rhetoric:—"Has any of you ever seen a huge serpent stealthily nearing his destined prey? How noiseless his movements! Watch how the circles become closer and closer, the opening for escape narrower, the poor victim the while disporting itself in unconscious happiness. At last the fatal, lightning-like dart is made, from which there is no escape." The answer to the opening question is, of course, an emphatic negative. It must have rather surprised the simple-minded people of Radley. The "oldest inhabitant" had never heard of such a thing. It might just have happened a thousand years ago, or perhaps may happen in a thousand years to come. Such a passage is certainly feeble.

Nevertheless, this volume has a use, though one which we may not be thanked for pointing out. In a humble way it may be as useful as the more ambitious efforts of more brilliant men. These sermons have a great value, not because they are the production of a remarkable and original mind, but because they are the production of a somewhat unoriginal and commonplace mind. This we must be allowed to say at the same time that we bear our willing testimony to Mr. Norman's good taste, good sense, and good feeling. We proceed to indicate the moral which his books teaches. At the present time a great deal of unfriendly attention is directed to the literature of the pulpit. We are told that, as a literature, it is for the most part below criticism. It displays a poverty of thought and barrenness of knowledge to be found within the range of no other profession. The young curate, fresh from Oxford or Cambridge, has become the stock character of weak novelists, and the standing jest of unholly journalists. While a coarse natural eloquence fills Bethel or Ebenezer Chapel, the parson draws out his sanctified insipidity to a congregation which might be conveniently accommodated within the limits of the pulpit. Some Radical print draws an unflattering comparison with the Dissenting clergy, and considerably suggests that Mr. Spurgeon be accommodated with the use of Westminster Abbey. Now, of course, in all this there is an indefinite amount of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. This we may disregard, but we are not at liberty to disregard the substratum of truth which such strictures contain. Let us take a single instance. The other Sunday we were within a fashionable church. The pulpit belonged to a man of deep learning, and deep piety, which are rendered popular by a genuine eloquence and silvery elocution that, unhappily enough, are frequently divorced from these higher gifts. He was absent, and his curate supplied his place. He preached the kind of sermon which young curates are so often supposed to preach. In the congregation there were many men of keen and practical intellect, men of senatorial renown, lawyers eminent for eloquence and logic, astute and cultivated men of business and society. They were an audience that would do honour to any orator; and assuredly the theme was grand and inspiring enough. We cannot doubt but that for the most part the congregation were assembled in a reverent and teachable spirit, ready to thankfully recognize and appreciate any merit that might present itself. After the solemn tones of our noble Liturgy, after the thunderbursts and mellow calms of sacred music, after the hush of silence

and of prayer, grave men, released from the influence of the outer world, prepared to give calm and undivided attention to the teachings of religion. There must have been a sad revulsion of feeling. There must have been the sigh of pity, or the smile of contempt, as such men, familiar with all weapons of intellectual armoury, listened to the long incoherent discourse, to the string of inapposite texts bound together by obvious truisms, to the inconclusive argument, the faulty demonstration, the vicious rhetoric. Even when such faults are redeemed by a true-hearted earnestness, they are almost intolerable; but when, as is sometimes the case, they are aggravated by affectation or vanity, or by the suspicion of insincerity, the sight becomes humiliating and "enough to make angels weep." We feel that we are upon ground where a mere critic must express himself with hesitation and with diffidence. But it seems to us, on the lowest possible view of the case, to be merely an act of courtesy and bare justice to a body of people who are assembled in numbers and with a degree of attention which they would nowhere else periodically give, to lay before them the very best of thought and labour, with the utmost degree of earnestness and impressiveness. Of course this view is unspeakably strengthened when we consider in all their reality the stupendous interests at stake.

Let us imagine the case of a man, about the time of his ordination, who thinks something in the way in which we have ventured to express ourselves. We cannot all be Chrysostoms or Belles. Let him be the commonplace, average man, such of whom the stuff and staple of every profession must necessarily consist. Let him have no desire to render his mediocrity notorious by giving a series of Lectures on the End of the World, or by constantly inveighing against the Scarlet Lady of the Hills. Let us suppose him, in addition, to be endowed with that rarest grace of a genuine humility. He may speak thus, revolving many things in his deep mind: I am a commonplace man. My father was a commonplace man, and so was my father's father: indeed, all my family are essentially commonplace people. I was commonplace at school and college, and I shall be commonplace in the pulpit and in society. My knowledge is very limited, and my understanding still more so. I am utterly without power—I may honestly add, I am entirely without wish—to fill a church by religious clap-trap or third-rate rhetoric. But I am heartily anxious, in spite of my multitudinous imperfections, to do good and to do my duty. I see clearly that a certain amount of knowledge and intellectual excellence is necessary; and I am unable to juggle myself into the idea that I possess either. What is that which justifies me, which lays a kind of compulsion upon many men like me, despite all this, to enter the ministry? How can I obtain a security that I am not misleading myself and others? How qualify myself for the loftiness of the position I seek? How win the guerdon of a useful and sanctified ambition? To such queries a volume of sermons like those before us, gives a complete and consolatory answer. These sermons are more useful in their way than anything by Bossuet or Melvill could be. We do not assert that Mr. Norman could say to our supposed individual, "My brother, I am even as thou art;" for Mr. Norman has reached a point which has left our supposed case far behind. But Mr. Norman's book does, in effect, say this much: Here is the case of an average clergyman of the Church of England, an ordinary product of our great educational institution. He is no master of

legerdemain of language. He is no master of recondite stores of learning. He is no master of impassioned eloquence. Yet he has effected what lore, eloquence, and language could not by themselves accomplish—he has done his proper work after a proper fashion. He has written a series of sermons which, when preached, appear to have been eminently useful; and, now that they are printed, are full of lessons with which no order of mind can safely dispense? There is no reason why anybody else should not do all that he has done. By bringing all his pursuits to bear upon his profession, by the diligent study of the available aids which theological literature imparts, by trying to think honestly and earnestly for oneself, any clergyman, however slender his abilities and attainments, may become eminently useful, happy, and blessed. If he has only one talent, there is no reason why he should not make it produce one talent more. If his allotted ground be scanty, and the soil thin, there is no reason why it should not be cultivated to the last point of cultivation, so that the fruit it yields should appear almost miraculous. We may even remember the philosophy of Amphion—

"And I must work through months of toil  
And years of cultivation,  
Upon my proper patch of soil,  
To grow my own plantation.  
I'll take the showers as they fall,  
I will not tear my bosom,  
Enough if, at the end of all:  
A little garden blossom."

Certainly it is only a system of self-education which will transmute the graduate fresh from college into a practised and educated divine. For such a purpose the University lends him a very narrow degree of assistance. We trust the reproach will soon be wiped away, at least partially; but at the present date the theological training of the Church of England is lamentably defective, and will not for a moment bear comparison with that of the Church of Scotland, or the Church of Geneva. Any man who conscientiously desires while at college to qualify himself for the Ministry will find that, in every worldly point of view, he is wonderfully short-sighted. The annals of Rome are of a great deal more importance than the Chronicles of Israel, and the philosophy of Paul is nothing when compared to the philosophy of Aristotle. Suppose a man is deeply impressed with the idea that he ought to devote the only four years of his life on which he can safely count for calm undivided study to the science of Biblical criticism. Looking at the example of Germany, we may be convinced that men of such high purpose are greatly wanted at home. He studies deeply the peculiarities of Hellenistic Greek, perhaps too the Hebrew and cognate tongues; he acquires some familiarity with the history and values of the most important uncials and cursive MSS.; he makes considerable acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers of the Eastern and Western Churches; he has sailed away into the boundless sea of ecclesiastical history; he has delved deep into the profound mines of exegetical literature. In any degree to have filled up this sketch argues an amount of hard work and of mental training fully equal to that which is represented by the study of classics and mathematics. The University of Oxford, the foster-mother of the English Church, gives cold encouragement, or rather lays a positive ban upon any such studies. She provides him with no tuition, she refuses him her emoluments, she strikes his name off her honour lists. Of course we are told that undergraduates are in no wise concerned in all this, which ought properly to devolve upon Fellows of College. One rejoinder would be

that, as a matter of fact, Fellows of College are not practically found to look upon the question in this point of view. Another reply would be that, unless a taste for scientific theology is cultivated in early life, it will be very difficult to acquire it afterwards. No one ever became a good architect or painter who had not studied architecture and painting from a very early period. No one, Oxford dons would most readily inform us, ever became a thoroughly good scholar or mathematician who had not very early been grounded to a considerable extent in classics and mathematics. It is manifest that the analogy would extend to theological study. Can it be wondered at if, under the circumstances we have mentioned, intelligent working men will not listen to crude sermons, which are an insult to their understanding, and which cannot compete for a moment in earnestness and vigorous common sense with the common articles of common newspapers?

Ordinarily an undergraduate pursues the usual course, perhaps partaking largely of the boons which the University proffers to him, perhaps partaking largely of the peculiar temptations which she also unquestionably proffers. Then comes the time when he has to realize the idea that he is about to take orders. He has to procure testimonials of attendance at divinity lectures, which are sometimes a farce, and college testimonials, which are nearly always so. He crams a certain amount of theology for the bishop's chaplain just as he has crammed a certain amount of philosophy for the University examiners. About this period observant friends notice slight alterations in the exterior man. Garments of rough texture and marvellous pattern are gradually discarded. Scotch terriers bark and bite with less than the wonted attention being awakened. The uproarious wine party is not quite so uproarious, and the billiard-room can no longer absolutely rely upon its staunch supporter. Among young men of strongly-developed ecclesiastical tastes, liberal orders are given at the print-shops for Madonnas and Gothic interiors. Red-lettered volumes are ordered at Shrimpton's and Parker's, and the contemplation of the orthodox binding affords the mind much internal satisfaction. The cassock begins to be adopted as an article of indoor dress. Let us hope and believe that all this is sign and symptom of a better thing signified. With this scanty preparation a young man goes down to his curacy, where indefinite credit is given him for all possible virtues, where issues of the greatest good or evil are, humanly speaking, in his hands, and where grey-haired saints hang upon his lips for lessons of teaching and encouragement. Men of extraordinary character may rapidly make amends for these deficiencies. But we are discussing the case of a man of only ordinary character. Such a man will either rest satisfied with a standard miserably low, or he will feel that he is most unsatisfactorily fulfilling his high responsibility, and will accuse the University of neglecting the obvious duty of training and arming him for the conflict.

We have pointed out how Mr. Norman is an example and an encouragement for such men. We presume that he has fared no better than his brethren; yet he has overcome difficulties in a manner eminently satisfactory, and we are sure, moreover, that when we have next the pleasure of meeting him, a further and great advance will be visible. His book also will serve a further use. Nothing is so disheartening as an impossible standard. The "admiring despair," of which Gibbon speaks, only produces marvellous results in men like Gibbon. In one point of view the art of



sermonizing is like the art of making Latin hexameters. For this purpose modern Latin is more useful than ancient Latin, *Vida* more serviceable than *Virgil*. It is an allowed fact in our public schools that boys write good Latin verse, not so much from the study of great masters, as from the study of the writings of cleverer boys in the "*Musæ Etonenses*" or the "*Sabrinæ Corolla*." Our supposed clergyman will not do himself so much good by studying the great masters of sacred eloquence as by studying the writings of superior men of his own order, such as *Mr. Norman*. He will then see how his own difficulties may be best overcome, how his own needs may be best supplied, and gather useful hints, which, being well traced out, may be of great future service.

For instance, *Mr. Norman's* book indicates a large amount of careful reading. He is learned about heresies. He is well up in his *Barrow*. He has read the *Judicious* one. He even quotes *Maldonatus* and *Cornelius à Lapide*, and it is rather creditable to a man to know who *Maldonatus* and *Cornelius à Lapide* may happen to be. We suppose the last worthy, *Corneille Pierre*, took his name on the same principle that *Dr. Fludd* the Rosicrucian called himself *Robertus à Fluctibus*. A man may atone for very great natural deficiencies by constant reading; and without such, men of very great natural abilities must greatly degenerate. We believe that there is a certain school which professes to dispense with "human aids," and regards the study of great theologians as leaning upon the "arm of flesh." It would not be difficult to show the extreme incorrectness of these expressions thus used. But we never heard any one express this opinion whose opinion was of any worth; certainly their congregations will not sympathize with such. Their thin knowledge, like so much gold-leaf, is spread over an indefinite amount of feeble garrulity; one sermon is just like another sermon, and one part of a sermon is just like the other parts. Our Oxford man will think it his duty to read harder after taking his degree than he did before. He will, however, take care to be acquainted with *Bengel* and *Alford*, before he proceeds to *Maldonatus* and *Cornelius à Lapide*. Theological literature often wears a most instructive and delightful garb. *Dr. Trench* is a true poet, and *Dr. Stanley* is a true painter. If he has not acquired German, there are excellent translations of uncorrupted German divines, such as *Stier*, *Olshausen*, *Hengstenberg*, *Hagenbach*. And there is always that grand body of English divinity, which, ages ago, *Lord Bacon* pronounced superior to any similar literature in the world, and which *Mr. Ellicott* considers to fully counterbalance the stupendous achievements of German erudition.

Secondly, *Mr. Norman* shows how we should make what we read our own. This assimilation is most important. The chyme should become chyle. Indigestion is truly the most common complaint in the world. *Mr. Norman* has stored in his mind many thoughts from many men, but he issues them again with the stamp of his own image and superscription. Unless this is done, all reading, to quote *Robert Hall*, is "a vast continent of mud." No clergyman is at liberty to sink independence of mind in the servile task of a mere transcriber. Moreover, the circles of general reading and professional reading ought to be concentric, and not touch only in a single point, or, rather, not touch at all. We notice with pleasure that *Mr. Norman* gives an illustrative passage of history, a line from an old Greek play, a quotation from a modern poet. No multi-

plicity of engagements will excuse this study, and if its hours are necessarily shortened, the beautiful principle of compensation comes into play. For, in exact proportion to being obliged to close one's books, the living pages of the library of human character are opened to us.

It is not necessary for us to dwell on the necessity that a man should himself be and believe all that he teaches others to believe and be. When this foundation is wanting, all the stately superstructure of learning and effort falls but with the heavier crash, and destroys their possessor amid the ruin. With this, mediocrity becomes transfigured, and the utterance of stammering lips is instinct with dignity and power. We wish there were a still larger number of men possessed of *Mr. Norman's* zeal and knowledge. If the position of the Church of England is to be retrieved, maintained, and extended, this must be done, not by the gigantic efforts of a few powerful minds, but by the gradual and decided improvement of the great body of the ordinary clergy. It is true that all his worth and labour may not win for a clergyman what are gained by worth and labour in any other profession. He may be ill-appreciated and ill-rewarded. In the race of life he may again and again see himself hustled and overtaken by men immeasurably his inferiors. He may see the ecclesiastical patronage of the State, which ought to be religiously set aside for its proper purpose, surrendered to the claims of family connection, or devoted to the vile purpose of political corruption. Nevertheless, none of these things will move him. His motto will be *Respice finem*. He has based his conduct on the safest and most extended calculations. He will recollect *Milton's* solemn music—

"No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
Thy care is fixed and zealously attends  
To fill thy odoriferous lamp with deeds of light  
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore, be sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his faithful friends  
Passes to bliss, at the mid-hour of night,  
Hast gained thy entrance."

We are sure our readers will thank us for ending our disquisition with a passage or two from the book which has given rise to it:—

"They have now left *Bethphage*, a mere village, looked upon almost as a suburb of *Jerusalem*, for it was but a mile from the city; it abounded in fig-trees—indeed, the name signifies 'house of figs'—and in this neighbourhood grew the tree which was to be cursed by the Saviour for its barrenness. The road is narrow; along its margin grow palms and olive-trees, which lend their boughs to adorn the march of their Creator. Look well at the procession: there is but little of worldly dignity about it; no gorgeous robes, no flashing swords, no bright colours, no martial music; the dresses of those who form it are poor and travel-stained; and, in the centre of all, rides a Man meanly dressed, with nothing about Him to awe or impress a looker-on.

"A large gathering of men, possessed of one idea, always carry with them something of a grand and striking character; with this exception, should you not be inclined rather to smile at the humble pomp of this procession, and consider it as contemptible?

"But we must follow them; and, as they approached the brow of the hill, the Mount of Olives, and began to descend the steep towards the Valley of *Jehoshaphat*, they were met by another crowd, who, moved by the same mysterious impulse, had cut down palm-branches, emblems of victory, and also of peace, and added their numbers to the already vast assembly: then arose that mighty uproar and shout of rejoicing, poured forth by those who head the procession, and taken up again by those in the rear, echoed back by the rocky sides of Mount Olivet, carried by the breeze into the streets of the holy city, reverberating in the courts of heaven itself, so that angels caught the strain, and sang with men, 'Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the

highest.' Then it was that, standing on the very spot on which would hereafter encamp the besieging Roman armies, the Lord wept. And whilst the acclamations of men were ringing in His ears, and all around seemed joy, then He saw the future, and knowing the judgments, the cup of wrath that must descend upon the guilty city, loved it still, and wept for it. But His human sorrows deter Him not from His purpose, and so He proceeds towards the city of God, round which the mountains stood bathed in golden glory from the setting sun. He crosses the brook *Kedron*, enters the city by what was called the golden gate, and presents Himself in the temple. Thither are still greater multitudes attracted; there He performs miracles of mercy and love; there the very children, their hearts touched with celestial fire, cried, 'Hosanna to the Son of David.' Yet all these divine tokens, instead of softening, only inflamed the more against Him the minds of His enemies. And so, as *St. Mark* says, when He had looked around about upon all things, perhaps grieving at man's hardness of heart, He left the city; there was no one there who would receive and lodge the Son of Man, and so He returned by the self-same road to *Bethany* with the Twelve, for the night had now come.

"Pontius Pilate, feasting in his palace, saw the darkness, and heeded it not. Herod saw it also, but in his abode of sensuality and crime he wist not that one greater than John the Baptist was now dying. The world went on just as before. The Emperor of Rome thought not that in a small strip of his world-wide possessions the foundations were being laid of that fifth Empire, which was to witness the collapse of his own colossal power, and which, like the limbs of the cross, was to extend north, south, east, and west. The Roman noble, the personification of luxury and scepticism, went on leading his round of artificial pleasures at the baths, and the circus, and the theatre, putting almost to the blush the self-indulgence of the present day. There was nothing to be believed. The old religion was effete, therefore enjoyment was all he could live for. The more thoughtful and philosophical, whose taste deterred him from unbridled licentiousness, began to wonder for what object man came into the world, and what was his future. The despised slave, who thought that for such as he the gods had no care, continued plodding his hopeless, weary drudgery on that day. How little did they know that in a far-off land an event was consummating which ages had dreamed of and poets had sung, which kings and prophets had yearned to see, to which all religions in all ages and in all lands had significantly pointed. The sun rose and set. Man went about his work and labour until the evening. Infants were born, and old men died. Men and women married and were given in marriage. The institutions of nations remained unchanged; men knew nothing of Calvary. So must it ever be, for the kingdom of God works unseen; it may be in the midst of men, while they know not its existence. So will it be at the resurrection of the just. The occupations and pleasures of men will go on unheeded till the last, when the separation will take place; one shall be taken and the other left."

*Tracts, Mathematical and Physical.* By *Henry Lord Brougham, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.* (London and Glasgow: *Richard Griffin & Co.*)

THOUGH it may at first sight appear to be a somewhat bold assertion, it would not, we think, be very far from the truth to say that *Lord Brougham* is, in point of intellectual activity and acquirements, the most remarkable of living Englishmen. It would not be very easy to name any branch of knowledge to which he has not, at one period or another of his long life, devoted his attention; and in almost every subject that he has undertaken he has carried his investigations to a point far beyond that which is usually reached by amateur students. In a competitive examination *de omni scibili*, open to all the inhabitants of Great Britain and her colonies, we should be very much inclined to back his Lordship

against the field. Nor is the variety of his knowledge, extraordinary and well-nigh unparalleled as it is, at all more remarkable than its profundity and exactness. Not only does he know everything, but whatever he knows he knows well. Every one has heard it told how, when he was Lord Chancellor, he accompanied a party of cabinet ministers on a visit to one of the great metropolitan breweries, explained to them the whole process of brewing, to its minutest details, and, finally, when they came to the stables of the establishment, at once picked out the best horse of the lot, and offered to ride him round the yard against anybody present; and though the story, as far as we know, rests on no better authority than that of common report, it is in itself so intrinsically probable, that no one has ever been inclined to dispute its truth. It very frequently happens that an eminent lawyer is also a highly and variously accomplished man. The liberal education which, in the great majority of cases, a barrister has enjoyed, the abundance of leisure time which he generally has at his disposal during the early portion of his career, and the numerous instances in which extra-legal knowledge can be profitably brought to bear upon his professional work, all contribute to render this combination the rule rather than the exception. But it is a very rare occurrence to find a man who, to the highest legal attainments, unites a really deep and intimate familiarity with many branches of physical science, and a more than respectable knowledge of all. Such a man, however, is Lord Brougham; and it may very safely be asserted, that in no single individual has legal and scientific knowledge ever yet been combined to so remarkable an extent.

The particular field of scientific investigation, of Lord Brougham's proficiency in which the present volume affords the most striking and conclusive evidence, is, undoubtedly, the higher branches of mathematics. It was in the same University of which he is now Chancellor that his Lordship commenced his mathematical studies, under the direction of Professor Playfair; a coincidence to which a singularly graceful and well-turned allusion is made in the dedication of the present work. The inclination which he already felt towards mathematical investigations was, he tells us, definitely fixed by the expression of the Professor's opinion on a class-exercise given in 1794, in which he had, as he modestly phrases it, "the good fortune" to hit, by induction, upon the Binomial Theorem. We regret very much that Lord Brougham has been prevented, by the fact that Professor Playfair's papers were not preserved, from including this exercise, which could not fail to be more than commonly interesting, in the volume now before us. Had Lord Brougham been perfectly free to follow the dictates of his own inclination, we can hardly doubt that scientific research would have been the object to which he would, by preference, have devoted the special labour of his life. It is quite plain that science had for him peculiar charms. We find, in the Introductory Remarks to the present volume, and again in one of the Tracts which it contains, an eloquent and elaborate statement of the pleasure and advantage that are to be derived from the diligent prosecution of investigations of this nature. His Lordship enters a vigorous and energetic protest against the doctrine which represents the practical applications of science as the only real and, as it were, tangible profit derived from scientific discoveries or philosophical pursuits. The fallacy contained in this view is, he says, near akin to that which represents

profitable or productive labour as only that kind of labour by which some substantial or material thing is produced or fashioned. To his mind, knowledge is pre-eminently its own best reward. Even in the case of what are called the practical applications of the sciences, a great portion of the enjoyments which they afford resolves itself into gratifications of a purely contemplative kind. The mere pleasure of tracing relations, and of contemplating general laws, in the material, the moral, and the political world, is the direct and legitimate value of science; and for this reason all scientific truths are of importance, whether they ever lend any aid to the common arts of life or no. In short, all the pleasures of science are justly considered as its practical uses. But, of all branches of scientific inquiry, mathematics is that which possesses, in Lord Brougham's eyes, the most irresistible and lasting charm. The reasons by which he justifies his deliberate preference are, undeniably, not less persuasive than numerous. The mathematician has a decided and easily appreciable advantage over the experimental philosopher, in not being dependent for the success of his operations upon costly and fragile apparatus, upon variations of weather and climate, or, as must often be the case, upon the reports of others as to facts. He relies entirely upon himself, is absolutely master of his own materials, requires no apparatus and hardly any books; and so perfect are the instruments with which he works, and so altogether certain are the results which he obtains, that "he is quite assured that the truths which he has found out, though they may lay the foundation of further discovery, can never by any possibility be disproved, nor his reasonings upon them shaken, by all the progress that the science can make to the very end of time." Add to this, that mathematical study is the pursuit of all others which produces perfect calm by completely abstracting the mind from all external considerations; and which affords the best and, in many cases, the only effectual relief from the sufferings occasioned by profound mental affliction. But, though so keenly alive to their many and various benefits, Lord Brougham is far from being insensible to the disadvantages which may possibly result from a too exclusive devotion to mathematical pursuits. He shows, in the following passage, a full appreciation of the injurious effect which is not unlikely to be produced in some minds by the absolute certainty of the results attained by mathematical research, by their being led to undervalue, at least in some degree, the less entirely unquestionable conclusions which are within the reach of investigators in other less purely demonstrative branches of physical science:—

"It has been alleged, and certainly has been somewhat found by experience to be true, that the habit of contemplating necessary truth, and the familiarity with the demonstrative evidence on which it rests, has a tendency to unfit the mind for accurately weighing the inferior kind of proof which we can alone obtain in the other sciences. Once finding that the certainty to which the geometrician is accustomed cannot be attained, he is apt either to reject all testimony, or to become credulous by confounding different degrees of evidence, regarding them all as nearly equal, from their immeasurable inferiority to his own species of proof—much as great sovereigns confound together various ranks of common persons, on whom they look down as all belonging to a different species from their own. In this observation there is, no doubt, much of truth; but we must be careful not to extend its scope too far, so as that it should admit of no exceptions. D'Alembert affords one of the most remarkable of these; as far as physical science went, Laplace

afforded another; in several other branches he was, perhaps, no exception to the rule."

That the rule, however generally true, is far from being universally applicable, it would be difficult to cite a more conclusive proof than that afforded by the case of Lord Brougham himself.

The thirteen tracts which make up the volume now before us, have been collected from various sources, and range over the long period included between the years 1796 and 1858. Four of them originally appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions" and the "Edinburgh Review;" two, which contain sketches of the lives and works of D'Alembert and Simson, are taken from Lord Brougham's "Lives of Philosophers of the Time of George III.;" three are from his "Analytical View of Newton's Principia;" and three, which are written in French, were read within the last few years before the National Institute of France. By far the greater part of them deal with mathematical inquiries of so abstruse a nature as to be quite beyond the reach of the general reader. The mathematician will, however, find in them conclusive proof of the depth and precision of Lord Brougham's knowledge in this branch of science. Two of them are occupied with an account of a series of analytical and experimental investigations on the subjects of Light and Colours, conducted chiefly in Provence, the climate of which district is, says Lord Brougham, singularly adapted for the successful prosecution of studies of this nature; and they afford a curious instance of the kind of pursuits with which his Lordship recreates and refreshes himself during his periods of vacation. Two papers on the same subject, which appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1796 and 1797, are not inserted into the present volume, because some objections have since been raised to the principal doctrines therein maintained. There is an interesting circumstance connected with the earlier of these two papers. The copy of it which was originally sent to the Royal Society contained a remark on the effect of exposing a plate of ivory stained with nitrate of silver to the rays of the spectrum, and also on the result of submitting the plate to the rays passing through a very small hole into a dark room. These suggestions were considered by Sir C. Blagden to refer to a subject of art rather than of science; and were accordingly omitted in the copy subsequently sent, from which the paper was printed. Had they appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1796, there can be but little doubt that they would have led to the discovery of photography many years before it was actually introduced. Almost the only papers in the volume which do not directly refer to mathematical subjects, are one on meteoric stones; and another, written in French, upon the structure of the cells of bees. The first of these was written so far back as 1804, and indeed bears decisive marks of its early origin in its advocacy of the theory that aërolites are volcanic substances discharged from the moon; a hypothesis the falsity of which has long been universally acknowledged. Lord Brougham is, however, quite aware of the validity of the objections which had, even at that early period, been urged against this method of accounting for these phenomena; and confesses that, though the selenic theory appears to be the supposition which is least liable to contradiction from facts, the safest course is to adopt Vauquelin's philosophical conclusion, and to acknowledge frankly that we are entirely ignorant of the origin of these stones, and of the causes by which they are produced. The paper, however, contains one valuable remark, pointing out the



absolute identity of the composition of aërolites with that of many large masses of iron ore which are found in many parts of the world; a coincidence so striking and exact as to lead us irresistibly to assign to the two substances a corresponding identity of origin. With regard to the cells of bees, Lord Brougham denies the truth of a statement made by Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh, to the effect that each cell in a comb is formed separately, and attached to the adjoining cells by some glutinous substance, by removing which the cell may be detached, and produced in a separate form. He shows that the double appearance which the walls of cells sometimes present, and which has led to the conclusion whose truth he disputes, is only perceptible in old combs which have been used for the deposit of eggs and the hatching of insects; and asserts that it arises from the fact that each successive occupant of the cell, while in the larva state, covers it internally with a coating of a peculiar silky substance, each layer of which may, in an old cell, be successively removed from those beneath it. The object of this operation cannot be merely to protect the larva from contact with the wax, for, in that case, it would only be necessary for the first occupant of a cell to construct a layer, which would serve equally well for the protection of any number of successors; but, since we find that each successive occupant repeats the process on his own account, we must conclude that it is connected, in some way which we do not yet understand, with the wellbeing and growth of the larva. Lord Brougham then proceeds to vindicate bees in general from the charge which has occasionally been brought against them of showing no ingenuity at all in constructing their cells, or, at all events, of not performing the operation in the most economical and scientific manner. He dwells especially on the absurdity of the view advanced by Buffon, that the cells are constructed, in the first instance, in the spherical form, and that they are subsequently converted into hexagons by their mutual pressure upon each other; and he concludes that bees really do, by the exercise of a special act of instinct, adopt a mode of construction which involves, if not the use of the absolute minimum of wax, at least that of the smallest quantity compatible with the object for which the cells are built.

The sketches of the lives of D'Alembert and Simson, which contain a generous and discerning tribute to the reputation of these two great geometers, are too well known to require any special mention at our hands. Great, however, as is Lord Brougham's appreciation of all the illustrious mathematicians of former times, it is Sir Isaac Newton who is, above all, the object of his warmest and most devoted admiration. The thirteenth paper contained in the present volume consists of the address delivered by Lord Brougham on the occasion of the inauguration of the Newton statue at Grantham, on September 21, 1858. The erection of this memorial was a somewhat tardy, but, nevertheless, a sincere and graceful, act of homage to perhaps the most powerful intellect that the world has ever seen; and it would certainly have been impossible to find any living Englishman better fitted than Lord Brougham for the office of pronouncing an oration in praise of his great countryman. The address was delivered at so recent a period, that it cannot but be familiar to at least the greater part of our readers; but we cannot resist the temptation of reproducing the eloquent peroration with which it concludes:—

"To so renowned a benefactor of the world, thus exalted to the loftiest place by the common consent

of all men, one whose life, without the intermission of an hour, was passed in the search after truths the most important, and at whose hands the human race had only received good, never evil, those nations have raised no memorial which erected statues to the tyrants and conquerors, the scourges of mankind; whose lives were passed not in the pursuit of truth but the practice of falsehood; across whose lips, if truth ever chanced to stray towards some selfish end, it surely failed to obtain belief; who, to slake their insane thirst of power, or of pre-eminence, trampled on all the rights, and squandered the blood of their fellow-creatures; whose course, like the lightning, blasted while it dazzled; and who, reversing the noble regret of the Roman Emperor, deemed the day lost that saw the sun go down upon their forbearance, no victim deceived, or betrayed, or oppressed. That the worshippers of such pestilent genius should consecrate no outward symbol of the admiration they freely confessed, to the memory of the most illustrious of men, is not matter of wonder. But that his own countrymen, justly proud of having lived in his time, should have left this duty to their successors, after a century and a half of professed veneration and lip homage, may well be deemed strange. The inscription upon the Cathedral, masterpiece of his celebrated friend's architecture, may possibly be applied in defence of this neglect. 'If you seek for a monument, look around.' If you seek for a monument, lift up your eyes to the heavens which show forth his fame. Nor when we recollect the Greek orator's exclamation, 'The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men,' can we stop short of declaring that the whole universe is Newton's. Yet in raising the statue which preserves his likeness near the place of his birth, on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same state, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the Divine goodness which deigned to bestow upon our race one so marvelously gifted to comprehend the works of Infinite Wisdom, and so piously resolved to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplations, both philosophic and sublime."

We have, in the course of our examination of Lord Brougham's volume, met with one or two statements connected with chemistry which we confess to finding some difficulty in reconciling either with one another or with well-known and acknowledged facts. For instance, in the Introductory Remarks, he dwells upon the positive gratification that is to be derived from the knowledge that such apparently dissimilar operations as the rusting of metals, the formation of acids, the burning of inflammable bodies, the breathing of animals, &c., are, in reality, one and the same process. Now, this statement cannot mean anything at all, if it does not mean that Lord Brougham, at the time when he penned these remarks, accepted fully Lavoisier's theory of acids, and regarded the process of acidification as a process of oxidation. Such being the case, it is not altogether without surprise that, on turning to the Newton Address, we find the following observations, *à propos* of the superior permanence of the Newtonian discoveries over that of any other scientific theory. "To take a familiar instance," says his Lordship, "how little remains of Lavoisier's doctrine of combustion and acidification except the negative positions, the subversion of the system of Stahl! The substance having most eminently the properties of an acid (chlorine) is found to have no oxygen at all, while many substances abounding in oxygen, including alkalis themselves, have no acid property whatever." Now, it is perfectly true that of Lavoisier's theory of acidification very little remains—nothing, in fact, except among the most conservative of chemists; Gerhardt's view, that hydrogen, not oxygen, is the element whose presence is essential to the idea of an acid, being in a fair way to force itself into universal

acceptance. But how are we to reconcile this latter observation with that which we have quoted from the Introductory Remarks? We might do so, indeed, if we knew that these Remarks were written at the same period as the earliest papers contained in the volume; for at that time Lavoisier's theory was quite the most satisfactory that had yet been promulgated; while Lord Brougham's familiarity with the results of scientific research, during the last sixty years, would quite account for the very different terms in which it is mentioned in the address composed in 1858. But, in the absence of any special statement to the contrary, it is certainly far more natural to suppose that the Remarks are of quite recent origin, having been written to serve as a kind of preface on the occasion of the collection and republication of the scattered papers which this volume contains. And, if this supposition be as true as it is natural, the contradiction remains not only unexplained, but inexplicable; unless, indeed, Lord Brougham has become acquainted, between 1858 and 1860, with fresh evidence which has convinced him that Lavoisier's hypothesis is the true one, after all. Again, what does his Lordship mean by the following statement, which is appended as a foot-note to the passage which we have quoted above from the Newton Address:—"Recent inquiries are said to have shaken, if not displaced, Davy's theory of chlorine"? Davy's theory was simply, that chlorine is an elementary body; and its complete victory over those which regarded this substance as a compound of oxygen with hydrochloric acid, or with the hypothetical muriaticum, dates from the period, now sufficiently remote, when the name of chlorine superseded that of oxy muriatic acid. It is quite true that chemists have, especially within the last few years, become familiarised with the idea that the ultimate tendency of their science will be rather to diminish than increase the number of elementary bodies, by the resolution of some of those substances which are now regarded as elements; but it is equally true that no attempts in this direction have hitherto been attended with the slightest success; and, though we have a dim sort of recollection of a theory put forward some five or six years ago by a speculative German, to the effect that ozone is a constituent of sulphur, chlorine, and some other elements, we may safely say that, as far as is at present known, chlorine is in no more immediate danger of conviction on the charge of being a compound than any other element whatever. Or can it be that, after all, it is the wish that is father to the thought, and that Lord Brougham, who, since he knows everything, of course knows of the existence of the speculation to which we have just alluded, does really refer to it in his foot-note, and is so wedded to Lavoisier's theory of acidification, as to catch even at this slender chance of chlorine containing oxygen? Again, it is scarcely strictly accurate to say, as his Lordship does in his Introductory Remarks, that salts are composed in great part of metals fluid like quicksilver; for potassium and sodium, the metals to which he, of course, alludes, are indisputably solid at the ordinary temperature, though their melting-point, compared with that of metals in general, is so extremely low, as to afford a colourable excuse for the assertion, supposing it to aim at being pleasantly astonishing, rather than strictly and scientifically correct. But we are slow to suppose that so true a philosopher as Lord Brougham could possibly prefer the former to the latter of these two objects.

So true and sincere is our respect for Lord

Brougham, that we almost feel as if we owed him some apology for venturing to draw attention to the slight inaccuracies which we have alluded to in the foregoing paragraph. But we acknowledge most freely, that they are blemishes only of the slightest and most superficial kind; and we very much prefer dwelling on the rare knowledge and aptitude for the study of the physical sciences which are by far the most prominent and characteristic features of the book. Mathematicians will recognise in it abundant and conclusive proofs that its author is an analyst of the first order; and the general public will welcome it as a worthy addition to the collected works of a man who presents in his own person the rare combination of the very highest qualifications of an orator, a lawyer, and a physical philosopher.

*The Gem of Thorney Island; or, Historical Associations connected with Westminster Abbey.* By the Rev. James Ridgway, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford, Vice-Principal of the North London Collegiate School. (London: Bell and Daldy.)

THERE are two spots in London filled with great deeds of history—the Tower and the Abbey; and Mr. Ridgway has here in this book told the tale in detail of one after another of the great dead who lie around the Confessor's shrine. Beginning with the legends of the furthest days, he passes on to the true history which gives to the Abbey a living interest, and tells it out with two great excellences, detail and picturing of the very scenes which once took place within the well-known walls and on the often-trod pavement.

In the far, bygone time, so ran its first legend, when St. Mellitus was converting the heathens of London, a small church and very humble convent was built for some monks in the Island of Thorns; and when the church was built and waited its consecration, a stranger crossed the water in the deep night, and entered the building, and straightway the windows gleamed with more than earthly light, and sweeter than earthly music was heard from within; and then it was known that its consecration had been celebrated by the Prince of the Apostles himself.

So ran the early tale; but the brethren dwelt in poverty and neglect until the Confessor undertook its restoration, in place of his pilgrimage to Rome.

Days of sorrow and worse—days of sloth and degradation—passed by. The devastations of the Dane, and the languid piety of the later Saxons, had handed down the Western Minster—a poor community—when the royal Confessor built his Abbey of the best of the day, and while his life was ebbing assisted at its solemn dedication. There were met the king with the marks of death gathering upon his features, and Edith, “the fair rose from the thorny stem,” and Stigand, the dishonoured last Saxon primate, and Wulfstan, the holy Bishop of Worcester, and Harold, who was so quickly to reach the crown and his grave: all these took part in the solemn pageant, on Childermas, 1065. On the eve of the Epiphany, 1066, the king passed away to peace, and the struggle of the Norman change came upon the land.

It was a deadly struggle, and one of hatred and contempt, but within the church Norman and Saxon revered the sainted king. In places far asunder the bodies of the first stern and fierce princes of the Norman line were laid, until the demoniac fierceness of their earlier will was spent, and Henry III., with some likeness to his predecessor saint, built the

present Abbey, and was laid by St. Edward's shrine. There were gathered round, one after another, the strong-souled and powerful latter Plantagenets. There, with his serious faults forgiven, and the remembrance of his munificence, fatherly love, and piety fresh and strong, lies the builder, in the Confessor's coffin, with his brethren and his progeny. There, too, in due time, was gathered Eleanor of Castile, the *chère reine* of his son, brought hither with a nation's lamentation; and there, too, her stern husband, the hammer of the Scots, and lawgiver of the land. Far off lies their hapless son, buried in his utmost need by the monks of Gloucester; but there, too, were gathered Edward III., in his dishonoured age, and the good Queen Philippa, his safeguard and his blessing while she lived. In this chapel and before this shrine was Henry IV. praying in remorse and dread for the great crime which was yet to work out in sadness and violence, and from before it he was carried to die “at Jerusalem.” And here was borne the last of the mighty dead, the conqueror of France, leaving two kingdoms to the babe who lies, after many a year of sorrow, beneath the long black marble slab in the pavement at Windsor.

This portion of the Abbey is most full of associations of the mighty and the holy of the past. Every one of the chapels which crown the head of the Abbey has its own one or two of the great of old; but here such are gathered and concentrated, and Mr. Ridgway has done well in throwing his sole thought upon the Confessor's Chapel.

And in this book he has treated his subject with two especial excellences: first, he has brought out much of the detail of the feeling and the acting of the time; for details must ever give a peculiar vividness and truth to the scenes in which they occur. And, secondly, the author has taken labour to picture before us the very sights which the Abbey must once have presented. He draws up fully and vividly before us the stately ceremonial of its first consecration, where the nobles of the fading Saxon power were bearing their part with the Norman-loving king; and the deep woe of the funeral, where the conqueror of France was laid in his tomb by the strong nobles and munificent churchmen. All these scenes, with the feeling of them that wrought and the external accessories which gave force to the feeling, are told out with great power, and betoken great care. Nor would we better advise our readers than, when they should have quiet time, to read over “*The Gem of Thorney Island*,” and make one, and another, and further visits to the stately Abbey; and call up before their minds now one and then another of the scenes that once were on that very spot; and follow further the acting, and the feeling, the life, or devotion, or charity, or fervid courage of those that are lying there.

*Imprisonment for Debt (irrespective of Fraud), shown to be un-English, un-Christian, and a most Impolitic Waste of Time and Pecuniary Resources.* By Richard Keysell, F.S.A. (London: George Watson.)

AT the present moment the consideration of the subject of imprisonment for debt is fraught with more than common interest. Formerly it was the practice to regard it with reference to the merits of the case, and to discuss it on abstract principles. We are now disposed to discuss it on the grounds of expediency. And, as the Government has introduced into the House of Commons a measure to repeal the existing laws of Bankruptcy and Insolvency, and enact in their stead a more liberal and enlightened code,

with a cheaper and simpler machinery, there is an importance added to the subject which will cause it to engage the serious attention of not only of the legislation, but also of all classes of the community.

Our author announces himself as being at present a resident in the Queen's Bench Prison, under the law for unfortunate debtors. He therefore thinks that he has on this subject a claim on public attention, which a mere theorist could not set up.

In this sentiment we agree, although we are aware there are many who will say our author is the last man who should address himself to such a subject; for he has, in all probability, brought his difficulties upon himself, and he should not complain. Now this objection assumes too much; and we must, in justice to Mr. Keysell, reply that even he admits that there are cases where imprisonment of a debtor may not only be excusable but justifiable—thus, for instance, in the case of fraudulently incurring a debt. He, however, even then, would not imprison for the debt, but the fraud exercised in contracting it.

We entirely agree that no debtor should be deprived of his liberty, unless on the ground of fraud. The principle of credit is vicious, and fictitious in the extreme. It is opposed to true principles of political economy. The creditor is induced to part with his goods under the belief that the debtor, sooner than be imprisoned, will pay; and the debtor, by reason of the inducements held out to him by the enticing allurements of credit, contracts a debt, which, in many instances, it is very well known to him he will never be able to discharge. It leads the hopelessly insolvent debtor to go on, contrary to all law of morals, borrowing and involving himself in still greater difficulties, in the hope of delaying the evil day till some more remote period; when at length he brings down upon him some odorous creditor who is determined to punish him for his wantonness and disregard of what he conceives to be the true principles of honour and upright dealing—viz., to call the creditors together, at the commencement of his embarrassments, and make to them an honest and faithful statement of his affairs. We have never known an instance when this course was adopted in the early stages of a man's difficulties that it did not tend to the honour and advantage of all parties.

We think the following excuse which our author makes for the more than questionable morality, above alluded to, cannot be admitted. He says:—

“In the experience of debtors, coming events cast their shadows before. The dreaded imprisonment, which no probity can avert, stands like the Gorgon's head, and turns to stone every impulse to make known his difficulties and arrange with his creditors. Reason says, Stop, and pay what you can; but the fear of imprisonment by some inhuman grasping creditor\* urges him to continue and endeavour to retrieve his position, and pay his debts in full. He borrows. Friend after friend is applied to, and promises, sometimes broken, are made of returning the sums advanced by a specified time. Friends become weary; gradually the circle of application for loans is extended. Strangers are surprised by applications from one whom they deemed in prosperous circumstances—some one or two yield to the application, others refuse. These applications be-

\* “In my own case, the creditor who sent me to prison had received several hundreds of my money, affording more than sufficient profit to cover the loss of the sum which I then owed him, not 100*l*. I had lent him cash, recommended him to several good customers, and regarded him as a friend, when suddenly the serpent's nature was developed, and the fang sent into the heart of his benefactor. The man, however, was not so bad as might seem, for it came out afterwards that he had taken out a licence in my profession, and thought my room better than my company.”



come the subject of conversation, and refusals of aid are the rule. As the difficulty is increased the means of help are diminished. All his time is occupied in the profitless and expensive employment of financing. His business deteriorates his as personal supervision is withdrawn. He applies now to money-lenders, loan-societies, and similar sources, and pays from 60 to 100 per cent. per annum for small and useless accommodations."

This conduct is worse than reckless—it is wicked. It is the madness of despair. There is a fallacy underlying it. It is not the dreaded imprisonment that causes such wantonness—it is the hope of being spared the humiliation up to the last hour; of doing that which all honest men would admire, namely, calling a meeting of creditors, which, if done in time, might save the ultimate ruin and its consequences, which are so touchingly told by our author in the following remarks:—

"At night he tosses on his pillow with burning brain, and still as he looks into the future this accursed spectre meets his eye. He dreams that he is arrested—confined, without means to meet the expenses of the court—his family separated from him and removed to the home of charity or the union workhouse—he wakes in agony, and rises in apprehensions of the coming storm. And so it is, when he enters his place of business the sword which but a hair had suspended descends upon his head; he is arrested at the suit of a creditor whose debt has been paid over and over again in the shape of fees to a lawyer, who, having found the golden spring at last dried up, has blandly advised his client to put the judgment into the sheriff's hand."

And we are invited pathetically to "picture the condition of such a man."

"Picture the condition of such a man, and then say whether such a soil is likely to produce the fruits of religious instruction. Rather shall we not say that the 'cares of this world choke the seed, and it becomes unfruitful?' But what a process of demoralization must have gone on in that man's mind. Promises broken, falsehoods uttered, the torturing consciousness of injuries inflicted upon smaller traders to whom he was indebted, the gloom of despair settling on his countenance and darkening his home, what of religion could you hope to develop in such a heart, or such a life as this? And yet the whole of this man's errors, and all their concomitant evils, are to be attributed to his just and natural fear of iniquitous and degrading imprisonment. Take away this unseemly bugbear, and the man will have courage to meet the difficulties of his position, and being honest at heart, will place before his creditors, at an early stage of embarrassment, the exact state of his affairs. This law of imprisonment inflicts upon the struggling trader an almost insuperable load of temptation, and carries with it a fearful responsibility, and therefore we assert, without hesitation, that it is unchristian."

Most certainly the man who has acted as our author has described, is not likely to produce the fruits of religious instruction, because he has been acting contrary to every principle of religion throughout. He has been repudiating the grand principle upon which our author builds all his theories of doing to others as he would be done by. When a man is in hopeless embarrassment, is it just to ask his friend to lend him money which cannot possibly extricate him from his difficulties, and which may, perhaps not a little, pinch the family of the kind friend who lent it? Is it any wonder that such a friend, when the borrowed money is not paid, would feel keenly the deceit that had been practised on him, which perhaps caused, by reason of "violated promises," his own engagements to remain unfulfilled? We do not think the fear of imprisonment, however "iniquitous and degrading," could be either "just" or "natural," or that it could at all justify a really conscientious, upright, religious man

who is disposed to follow the golden rule already referred to, in demoralizing his mind by breaking his promises, uttering falsehoods, or inflicting injustice upon smaller debtors. We do not think that, by the abolition of imprisonment, such a man will have the courage to meet the difficulties of his position, and place before his creditors, at an early stage of his embarrassment, the exact state of his affairs; because we do not believe such a man to be "honest at heart," nor, whatever he may imagine himself, that he is imbued with true principles of religion.

It is not because imprisonment inflicts upon "the struggling trader an almost insuperable load of temptation" that we would consider it unchristian, and would therefore abolish it: a Christian man will not yield to temptation. It is because he has no real strength in his presumed Christian principles that he yields. What temptation can justify the utterance of a falsehood? It is because we will to yield to it that we do so. Did we will to resist it, the strength would be given to us. The temptation is our own creation, and the yielding to it our own wish. St. James says, "Let no man say when he is tempted, that he is tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil; neither tempteth He any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." A good cause is much injured by such fallacies as those which we have pointed out.

Our author advances the startling proposition that imprisonment for debt is un-English, although he says "it has been consecrated by our ancestors in every age, we received it from the feudal barons." It has, indeed, always been the law of England, and cannot, therefore, be un-English, that if a debtor cannot pay the debt due to his creditor, he may recover by legal process the amount of his debt, and may sue out execution against the person of the debtor, and lodge him in gaol until the debt be paid, and if the debtor fail to obtain his liberty by one of those means which the law provides, his body is his creditor's, and he can incarcerate it until he pleases to discharge the debtor; and so far did the common law—which is nothing more than the customs and traditions of our ancestors made binding on the community by the force of the State—and the judicial power carry the principle, that the debtor could pursue his claim, not only against the living body of his debtor, but also against the corpse.

Although there may be good reasons for altering the law, yet our author is erroneous when he says, "that the imprisonment of an unfortunate trader is inconsistent with the genius of our constitution." Nothing but illegal imprisonment is "inconsistent with the genius of our constitution." Imprisonment for debt by legal process, however unfortunate the debtor, is perfectly English; and although "the liberty of the subject" is, by the law of the land, "held in the highest veneration;" yet any subject may by legal process be deprived of that liberty. There is no inconsistency, as our author argues at page 5, between the law which will not permit illegal imprisonment, and that which permits imprisonment if it be legal; and we cannot conceive how the fact that one of the County-court judges, having violated the law by refusing to imprison a man who had the means of paying a just debt, but refused to do so, can aid our author in effecting a just and equitable alteration of what we admit to be an oppressive law, and which we shall be glad to see abolished, because it puts into the hands of cruel men an engine of oppression, and all laws ought to teach men forgiveness, and that they should act with love and mercy

towards an unfortunate, although erring fellow-creature. It is not always borne in mind that it is the judicial function to declare, not to make the law.

In examining the Parliamentary Return for 1855, No. 23, we find that the number of debtors imprisoned for an unlimited period is 1025. Some of these, our author says, may be regarded as imprisoned for life, being, in fact, "the same punishment as is awarded to the worst crimes."

Our author goes into statistics to show the expenses entailed upon the country by this system of imprisonment, and says,—

"Now look at the cost of this system—the pounds, shillings, and pence which the nation has to disburse for this iniquitous anomaly. Take a single case first. A debtor was brought from Uxbridge to Whitecross-street Prison for a debt of 19s. The man, it is stated, was willing to pay the money by easy instalments, but was prevented by illness or some other misfortune. However, this is beside the question. I am willing to admit for the present that he was a rogue, as the argument is not thereby affected. The following is the case in figures:—

Man, horse and cart, one day, to convey him hither, say	£0 10 0
Debtor's keep for three weeks, including cost of gaol and attendance	2 0 0
Debtor's wife and six children, cost of keep in workhouse for three weeks, say	5 0 0
	£8 10 0

"This case came under my own notice, and I think it must be admitted that the calculation is fair. The debt was 19s. If the nation had paid the debt, the nation would have been in pocket to the tune of seven pounds eleven shillings. If the parish had paid it, it would have saved four pounds.

"I take another case: J. B. in the Bedford County Prison. His debt was 3s. 6d.; costs, 10s. 4d.; term of imprisonment, ten days. Supposing that this imprisonment settled the debt, which it did not, then by paying the debt the nation would have been in pocket some twenty-five shillings.

"Now take the entire return. We have an account of 1025 debtors confined in England and Wales. Suppose we sink the expenditure of the prisons, including rents, governors' salaries, wages of turnkeys, chaplain, doctor, &c., and put down the annual cost of a debtor to the country at the reasonable sum of 100l., here we have 1025 debtors living at the country's expense at a gross cost of 102,500l. This is, of course, exclusive of the money paid by the different parishes for the support of those families who are deprived of means to live, by this system, which must amount to some thousands more, payable by the several parishes in which the debtors reside.

"William Oakley, Esq., Governor of the Somerset County Gaol, in his report, says, 'But, of all the cases of debtors, that of J. H. forces itself upon attention. He is ninety-four years of age, and has been in gaol twelve months at the suit of his own son! sent by him apparently to avoid his maintenance, and that he may be buried at the cost of the country.' Surely, John Bull is a gullible animal, and pays dear for his whistle.

"It is evident that the counties which have to support debtors groan under the infliction. The Governor of Somerset Gaol says, 'No prisoners should be in gaol for debt, except as fraud.' He speaks of them as 'subsisting at the expense of the county in idleness,' and eloquently observes, that 'human beings cannot be put to a worse purpose than incarceration in idleness,' and proposes a plan by which the country should pay the expense of passing debtors through the Insolvent Court, until some better expedient can be thought of.

"A case is recorded at page 17 of the Parliamentary Return from which I am quoting, of W. M., an aged man who cannot read or write, and who through no neglect or fraud on his part lost, as trustee, 180l. He was thrown into prison for contempt of Court (Chancery), and the sum of the matter is that the county is keeping the old man, while the plaintiff receives a small life-interest which the debtor had to support him, but which he could not sell. It is worthy of remark, in this dirty busi-

ness, that the original debt was 180*l.*, but the costs being 100*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.*, the old man may be said to be imprisoned for life at the expense of the county. The county is, in fact, paying the debt.

No doubt counties would save much expense by paying the debts of these unfortunate debtors, or by paying a solicitor to pass them through the Insolvent Court, which might well be done on an average of 10*l.* a head. Their expenses in gaol would soon swallow up both debt and costs.

The observations made on the expenses of the Bankruptcy courts are founded in truth; but these expenses are mainly attributable to, and the same results will always follow, the ill-judged practice adopted in these courts of allowing the attorney to monopolize the peculiar and exclusive duties of counsel. But this is an evil which we hope soon to see corrected.

We join heartily in the remark that it is high time that this wretched law should be repealed or modified.

"It is, indeed, high time that this wretched law should be repealed or modified. Out of the 1025 debtors who were, at the date of the Parliamentary Return, confined in prison for debt, grant that only half of them were unfortunate and honest men, and that half of these had families from whom they were torn, what an amount of gratuitous distress and irreparable injury is inflicted. Two hundred and fifty families left without support, deprived of the society of him who is their lawful head, of whom it was said, when joined in holy matrimony to his wife, 'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

Our author answers the objections urged against the abolition of imprisonment: amongst others, that the practice of the lawyer would be destroyed. We say, so much the better. The heartless being that lives upon the miseries of his fellow-creatures deserves no better fate. Again, that tradesmen would be plundered by their customers: we say they deserve it, if they give them credit, but we do not believe that either the one, or the other would be the result.

Mr. Keyse is evidently a gentleman of education and of literary taste, which he seems to have improved by extensive reading, but he is sadly deficient in logical power. His arguments and conclusions display no depth of thought, or exercise of the reasoning faculty. His views are sometimes, however, urged with skill and judgment, and always expressed with clearness and intelligence.

*Curious Storied Traditions of Scottish Life.*  
By Alexander Leighton. (Nimmo, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London.)

WE have lately had so many "Border Tales," "Tales of Scottish Chiefs," "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c., that our expectations were not very high when we took up "Curious Storied Traditions of Scottish Life." Mr. Leighton's assurance in the preface, however, that "his" mysteries were not of that formidable, if not terrible, kind so beloved by the Germans—theological, cosmological, and pneumatological; but simply and naturally anthropological, in which very unlettered beings will always be interested, induced us to peruse the first tale, entitled "The White Scalp," which, from local knowledge of the scenes described, so interested us, that we read the second, the third, and so on, till we had fairly exhausted the volume.

These "Storied Traditions" bear the same relation to fanciful tales that the historical romance does to the purely fictitious novel. In some, indeed, such as "The Knife-thrust in the Dark," they are divested entirely of their fiction, without being diminished in their

interest, proving, even in this day of the marvellous and unreal, that truth is indeed not only stranger than fiction, but that the more startling events of every-day life, were they properly investigated and analysed, in reality exceed in extraordinary incident and thrilling interest the most highly-coloured and artistically-constructed dramas of fiction. Besides being characterized by variety of incident, vigorous thought, and simplicity of expression, these tales have a noble purpose to serve, not only to point a moral, but to dispel the still lingering superstition which clouds the intellectual perception of many wise men on both sides of the Tweed. The reflections of the author are healthy, philosophical, and well timed; not appended to the end of the tale, like a moral in *Æsop's* "Fables," but interwoven naturally in the course of the story, leaving on the mind of the careful reader the pleasing impression that he is anxious to instruct and improve, as well as amuse and delight. Another interesting trait of these graphic tales is that the startling and almost incredible incidents recorded are all of them of very recent occurrence, in some instances the chief actors being still alive. This requires very delicate handling; and we must say Mr. Leighton has executed this part of his task to perfection. We think, however, "Sergeant Davie's Ghost" and "The Ten of Diamonds" rather too much wire-drawn; and in a second edition we trust Mr. Leighton will expunge those absurd and silly Scotticisms in which he delights to indulge. He should remember that the introduction of a purely Scotch term, when an English word would be equally, if not more, effective, savors of egotism and bathos. If he were merely writing for the edification of his own countrymen, it might admit of some plausible excuse; but we apprehend he is not unwilling to extend the sphere of his influence across the Border.

With all the intense nationality of the Scotch, and all their empty vapouring about "Scottish grievances" and "Scottish rights," they would, nevertheless, be all the better to have engrafted on their "own" code of laws some of the detective and more perfect machinery of their brethren on this side of the Tweed. It will be enough for our present purpose to instance the institution of coroners' inquests. The Scotch have, however, hitherto resisted this "innovation" on the broad ground of its inquisitorial nature and action. Now, it so happens that they not only possess, but highly laud and value a public officer, designated the Public Prosecutor, who actually, as the head inquisitor of a secret inquisition, is responsible only to his own conscience.

"There's something even terrible in the idea that one man—not always, certainly, thanks to politics, necessarily gifted with a superabundance of either brains or discretion—should have the power, after reading a precognition got up by a man, a fiscal fees paid by the Exchequer?—to drag any man or woman in this kingdom before a court, to be tried for his or her life. I say nothing of the cases of innocent persons known to have been criminally hanged. I speak of the mere ordeal. I remember a story told often by my father, where a relative of his own figured as a victim. His case stands yet in the Books of Adjournal, as a blazoned disgrace to the authorities of the time. The gentleman's wife, a nervous, excitable woman, used his razor, without his consent or knowledge, below the chin, and where his beautiful blue-veined neck showed nothing of the hirsute. The woman bled to death in the drawing-room, which had a window used as the means, by a step, of getting to a *parterre*. He was in the garden, from which he saw his wife—whom he loved tenderly, but whom he had often secretly great

difficulty to manage, in consequence of her constitutional tendency—fall, and, rushing in, found her lying in a pool of blood. A doctor came, too late to save her. When she died, the doctor, more probably from mere curiosity than any suspicion, inquired how she got the razor.

"Is it one of yours?" he said to the husband.

"Yes," was the reply; "but I always keep them locked up. She must have got the key of my dressing-case."

"I wonder where it is," said the doctor.

"Good God!" exclaimed the husband, searching his pocket, and drawing it out, "it is here! Let us see is the dressing-case locked or open?" and, running to the bedroom, he came back with it. "It is locked."

"Locked!" responded the doctor.

"Locked; and we must ascertain how she had got it opened."

"And so they went a-searching, but no trace could be got of the key."

The doctor was, in a few days after the funeral, visited by the fiscal—whose ledger was always a ready receptacle of thirteen-and-fourpences, more of which he would have spent if there had been more nervous women in the county—and the doctor told him the circumstance concerning the key. The two servants were next booked. They were honest girls. The interrogation went somewhat in this way:—

"Did you know that Mr. F— always kept the key of his dressing-box?"

"Always; and I found it always locked when I went up to the dressing-closet."

"Did your master and mistress agree well?"

"No, sir. Both I and my neighbour often heard noises as of quarrels, and sometimes screams from my mistress, as if my master had been treating her cruelly. We thought, too, that he tried to prevent them being heard, by attempting to hold her throat or cover her mouth."

"And how often would this occur?"

"Two or three times in a month."

"And thus the prosecutor filled his book by question and answer. Nor was such evidence permitted to undergo due qualification by the statement of the gentleman, in his examination, that his wife was subject to nervous fits, which he wished to conceal from the servants; that, in consequence, he often applied a gentle force to her, restraining her shaking limbs, and even putting his hands gently over her mouth; all which appeared to her at the time, and during the attack, as attempts against her life; whereupon her cries were increased, sometimes carrying on their wings the word 'help'; of all which she was, in her healthier moods, ashamed, and for all which she loved him the more tenderly. But then the doctor who had given his evidence about the key was a new comer, in place of the dead old hand who could have spoken of her peculiar diathesis. Mr. F— was apprehended, tried, acquitted—and killed. In three months afterwards he fell under the sticking barb shot by a Lord Advocate."

In the romantic, yet essentially true story of "The White Scalp," the pernicious effects of such a great and irresponsible power being vested in one man, is brought out still more vividly and powerfully. The tragedy occurred at D—, not very many years ago, and the incidents are, doubtless, still fresh in the recollection of many of the honest burghers. On walking along that street which leads to the landing-place for boats from Fife, called the Craig, you come to a line of low workshops, much dilapidated-looking, covered with red tiles, many of them broken, and presenting small square windows, some of which are only partially glazed. One of these is David M—'s smithy. In that miserable workshop was perpetrated one of the most mysterious and extraordinary murders on record. The blacksmith, a married man, had fallen a victim to the seductive blandishments of a married woman of the name of M—s. On a dark night they had both met in the smithy, where, unknown to them, a person, whether male or female, was secreted behind the bellows.

"In all but their conversation there is a dead



silence, and in all but a moonbeam that steals through the square window, behind them there is darkness: but that moonbeam is reflected from the white scalp. The man or the woman steals out from behind the bellows—a fore-hammer is in the firm hand, the white scalp is the mark—the hammer falls with a smith's-arm force on the scalp. There is a death-scream. A corpse is laid on the floor, and the woman's face is splashed with blood and brains! She stands for a moment, shuddering, then flees, nor waits a single instant to try to ascertain by whom that terrible act was done. \* \* \* It became a nice point to ascertain the murderer. There was nothing to trace by, no article left as connected with any one. It is true, however, that in the street called Counties Wynd a hat was found at daylight in the gutter. That hat formed the foundation of many theories. Considerate people viewed it as an important circumstance. No one but a drunk person, or one pursued by fear, ever leaves his hat in the gutter. Even the drunk man has an instinct about him which generally enables him to regain this article of dress; for to go home bareheaded has a shame about it which even drunkenness very far gone cannot surmount. Then a drunk man so far gone could scarcely have passed along so narrow and crowded a wynd at any hour without calling attention to him; and even if he did drop his hat in a quiet way and escape notice, he would not be ashamed to claim it, at least by a messenger, next day, if he knew where it was to be found. Now, this hat was made the subject of much conversation, and yet was never claimed. Next, it is to be observed that the spot where it was found is not more than forty or fifty good strides from the scene of the murder, and the wynd is, of the five streets leading to or past the smithy, the only passage whereby the murderer could escape to have any chance of passing rapidly without observation—being dark and much frequented, and not leading, like three of the others, to the sea. The only observation made at the time, as contravening these strong presumptions, was what I heard from Bailie T—, that the fact of the hat being once supposed to be connected with the murderer, would prevent any innocent person from coming forward and claiming it. Now, I think this a poor answer, the presumption being rather the opposite way, viz., that any one conscious of having no concern in so barbarous an affair would not have hesitated to come forward, and put an end to a suspicion which was calculated to lead the authorities astray, and might relieve any female—and Mrs. M—s was suspected from the beginning—from the imputation of the guilt. Unclaimed, however, as it was, it did not enter at all as an element having any weight in the calculations against the widow. Mrs. M—s was ruthlessly laid hold of, and, in her weeds, lodged in Dundee Jail—the tears for her husband running down over cheeks burning with a public shame of being suspected as his murderer. \* \* \* The widow was dragged from the bosom of her family, and indicted to stand her trial for the murder of her husband at the Circuit Court of Perth. The decision was come to with the usual rapidity, and, as the issue turned out, with the usual want of judgment. Men are men, but one man is not a council of men; and the individual who has thus the lives and fortunes of our countrymen in his hands—I mean in reference to murdering them, or ruining them by a trial even where they are acquitted—does truly, the moment after his fiat for apprehension is issued, commit himself to hang, while he commits the prisoner to be hanged. He must justify his first leap, and his beagles must bark at the sound of his tally-ho, and the lash of his whip. The trial becomes a case where official duties pass into private passions, and every subordinate works up the Crown testimony with an ardour only equalled by the pettifogger who fights for his costs out of the sticks and traps of a garret or a cellar.

"It does certainly occur to me," said I, "that in this extraordinary case the Lord Advocate exhibited a want of knowledge of human nature in seizing so suddenly on the widow to make, it might be, innocence in tears undergo the fiery agony of a trial for life.

Not herself,—she was innocent,—but the Lord

Advocate, who precipitately, and against presumptions derived from the laws of nature, and the experience of mankind, dragged her to trial on evidence hounded out by men paid by the Government for the very work set forth in an account, item by item, like a grocer's bill or a tavern's score. The consequences are not difficult to guess. Mrs. M—s' fate was sealed. I do not know what has become of her; but, by the last accounts I heard of her, she never looked out, was a poor, heart-broken creature, living under a load of misery enough to bear down to the earth at least one able and willing to wield a forehammer where a white scalp is in the circle of its swing."

The hat, it afterwards turned out, belonged to the son of the blacksmith's paramour. He got into a scrape which brought him within the arm of the law, from which he had so long escaped, as the avenger of his more aggravated deed. He was now in Dundee jail, in bad health, and attended by his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I have long concealed from you something. I would like to confess it before I die, for I feel I will not live long. I did not expect to die in a jail, and less did I expect to have to tell you what I am now to say."

"He paused for breath and strength.

"Do you remember that terrible night?"

"The woman was silent.

"That terrible night when David M—s was killed."

"She was still silent.

"Well, that was the hand," holding up his white, flaccid, shrivelled paw, "that struck the blow."

"She raised her head, looked up in the face of the dying lad, and, as she afterwards admitted, burst into tears—Nature's own vindicated expression, not the effect of her will, and the only one—for her tongue was parched, and would utter nothing.

"After a time, when he seemed easier, she ventured to say—

"And do you forgive me?"

"Ay, now," he replied; "but only now, and never till now; I forgive everything now; but it was not so before. It changed me from what I was. I was always afraid. The finding of my hat, and the suspicion that some one saw me going in, or coming out, was always my greatest fear. It was not God I feared then; but it is Him I fear now, and only Him."

"The young man died that same evening."

The evils arising from such an anomalous and iniquitous system is still further exemplified in the semi-comic tragedy of "The Knife-thrust in the Dark." A truant boy, to escape the deserved chastisement of his father, had gone for a night's lodging to a house in Bell's Close, Edinburgh. In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened by a strange, loud noise in the room overhead, resembling wrestling and bumping on the floor, with occasional moans or groans. The thought occurred to him that there was some terrible scuffle going on between fiercely-contending parties; and he was confirmed in this by some broken words, which, when he put them together—a work in which the fancy had probably some share—he thought he could distinguish a cry to "tie the feet!" The scuffle continued, the thumping became louder and louder, and the trailing and rubbing on the floor were, if possible, increased, and, no response being made to his repeated knockings, he seized, in a sort of frenzy, a long butcher's gully, which it was his delight to carry about with him; and, feeling for the continuation of a chink above, he thrust in the point of the blade—a stern thrust; up went the knife to the hilt—a cry of agony, like nothing he had ever heard on earth—and a drop, dropping of blood, which increased to a gush—warm, as it fell on his face—and blinding him, and saturating his shirt. Carrying the knife with him, the boy immediately fled; but when he had reached the sands of Leith, and

while about to wash his bloody shirt in the sea, he was surprised, and fled again; leaving the knife and shirt behind him. Arrived at a friend's house in Musselburgh, he was safely secreted for some time from the grasp of the law.

On that same evening a horrible murder had been committed on the person of a bank porter, of the name of Begbie, who had been barbarously murdered with a knife, in one of the very darkest closes in Edinburgh. The knife and shirt belonging to, and on which were the name of the boy, having fallen into the hands of the officers of the law, these quick-sighted officials were soon at the house of the father, examining and cross-examining all the inmates; no doubt, apparently, existing in their minds but that the boy was the actual murderer of Begbie. Time passed, and the boy could not be found.

"Some new light had, in the meantime, come to the authorities as to the particular case of Begbie. Even from the beginning they had ascertained that the knife by which Begbie was killed was left sticking under the fifth rib. The man had been an adept in his trade; he knew the exact place were to hit, struck with decision, and yet only left the knife to prevent effusion of blood, but the round piece of pasteboard which, fixed on the handle, was intended to prevent what blood came from reaching his hand. He was seen last to issue from the close with the bank bag in his hand; and his appearance, as described, by no means agreed with that of the boy."

The sequel is the most serio-comic part of the story. It turned out that the occupants of the floor above the cellar where the boy had slept were sheep-stealers; that the extraordinary noise he had heard had been caused by the attempt to tie the feet of the animal previous to their killing him; which, however, was effectually done by the boy mysteriously from beneath!

"And a' this," said Barbara, "about the killing of a sheep."

There can be no doubt, however, if the boy had not been providentially preserved from their grasp, the hirelings of the Public Prosecutor would have dragged him in disgrace to a prison to undergo the necessary secret "precognitions," even in the face of the notorious fact that the knife by which Begbie had been killed had been found in his body.

In the "Storied Tradition" of "The Woman with the White Mice" we have a graphic account of the extraordinary trial of Mrs. S—, of D—; a case of murder, in which Jeffrey performed his greatest feat of oratory and power over a jury; and in which, while engaged in his grand speech of more than six hours, he caught, from an open window, the aphony which threatened to close up his voice for ever afterwards. The interest of the story turns altogether on the manner by which Mr. M—, a clever writer of D—, completely and successfully outwitted the then Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae. The case, however is of such recent occurrence, and the whole circumstances so fresh in the recollection of the public, that we forbear any further allusion to it here, excepting to give, in conclusion, the following life-like portraiture of the above Mr. M—; a famous man, for many things, in his day:—

"Extraordinary as the case was, it was intrusted to the charge of an extraordinary man, well remembered yet throughout that county, and much beyond it. In personal respects he was strong, broad, and muscular, with a florid countenance never out of humour, and an eye that flashed in so many different directions, that it was impossible to arrest it for two moments at a time; all action, nothing resisted

him; all impulse and sensibility, nothing escaped his observation; yet no one could say that any subject retained his mind for more time than would have sufficed another merely to glance at. He could speak to a hundred men in a day upon a hundred topics, and sit down and run off twenty pages of a paper without an hour of previous meditation; break off at a pronoun, at a call to the further end of the town; drink as much in a few minutes' conversation with a client as would have taken another an hour to enjoy; and return and finish his paper in less time than another would take to think of it. Always, to appearance, off his guard, he was always master of his position; nor could any obstacle make him stand and calculate its dimensions—it must be surmounted or broken, if his head or the laws should be broken with it; always pressing, he never seemed to be impressed; and the gain or loss of a case was equally indifferent to him. His passion was action, his desire money; but the money went as it came—made without effort, and spent without reason. Yet no man hated him; most loved him; few admired him; and even those he might injure by his apparent recklessness could not resist the good nature by which he warded off every attack."

#### MEDICAL.

*Cure of the Sick, not Homoeopathy, not Allopathy, but Judgment.* By John Spurgin, M.D. (John Churchill, London, 1860.)

AMONGST the various social bores with which it has pleased Providence to inflict humanity, few equal, less surpass, the talkative old gentleman who arrests you on the Queen's highway, by the button-hole of your coat, and there and then favours you with an exposition of some Utopian views (in which you do not feel the slightest interest) which he has, "from years' experience, been led to form on a subject to which he has devoted much thought and reflection." His views have generally two leading characteristics: utter want of intelligibility to your common-place mind, and equal variance with all hitherto propounded facts and theories. You cannot very well get rid of the old gentleman, any more than Sinbad could of his, without behaving rudely, and the upshot is that, after having been detained from your business by a lengthened disquisition on the highly transcendental hallucinations of your venerable friend, you leave him in a state of mental confusion, from which it takes you some little while to recover.

These elderly gentlemen are not uncommon; we ourselves have the pleasure of knowing three very typical specimens; they are always highly respectable, well to do in the world, and we must admit, as a rule, kind-hearted and benevolent. They are to be found in all the better classes of society, but more especially in the learned professions, and we may, we think, say that their "boring" properties are not uncommonly in proportion to their acquired learning. The three elderly gentlemen we know all belong to the medical profession, and have each a favourite theory of his own they never miss an opportunity of impressing us with, whenever we have the misfortune to meet them. The first has a fixed illusion that the whole atmosphere is teeming with animalcules so minute as to have escaped the observation of all our most eminent philosophers, from Newton downwards, but himself. The second one's principal dogma is that "healthy children never cry." Such a simple thesis as this latter would appear, at a first glance, to be incapable of any great expansion. You should hear our kind old friend express his views on the subject! Our third philosopher surpasses, however, either of the other two, whether in reference to the obscurity of his dogmata, or

the prolixity of his arguments: so much so, that we really should feel he had some positively vindictive feelings towards us, unless we were, from other reasons, convinced that he is, on the contrary, at heart very kindly disposed to us. His monomania is certain views he holds on phrenology and "nervous influences:" indeed, just as some lunatics consider themselves metamorphosed into glass bottles, so he appears to us to consider himself one gigantic peripatetic nerve—he is all nerve—so are his fellow-creatures, in his opinion. We have not the honour of Dr. Spurgin's acquaintance, and therefore are not in a position to point out his precise place in a social classification; but all we know is that his work is highly characteristic, very unintelligible, most theoretical, prolix *ad nauseam*, and, we regret to add, equally egotistical. A former work of Dr. S.'s was entitled "The Physician for All. By John Spurgin, M.D." The present one is the "Cure of the Sick. By John Spurgin, M.D." He tells us he prescribes medicines "according to judgment:" we candidly confess we should feel some hesitation in confiding our own health to the "judgment" of the author of such a *mélange* of rambling rubbish as that which we have, in the conscientious fulfilment of our duties, been obliged to wade through on the present occasion.

*Hæmorrhoids and Prolapsus of the Rectum.*

By Henry Smith, F.R.C.S. (John Churchill, London, 1860.)

A GREAT cry has, in modern times, been raised against specialism and specialists, in the treatment of disease. Here, as in most instances, the *aurea mediocritas* is the surest path to truth. Whilst we fully agree with those who assert that specialism may, and often does, lead to views of the very narrowest description, still, on the other hand, we cannot ignore the presumption that a man, who has for years devoted his special attention to any one subject, must, *cæteris paribus*, be more conversant with that subject, than one with whom it has attracted no greater share of attention, than a simple unit in the sum total of his general education. We shall at some future period recur at more length to this important discussion. Mr. Smith has evidently paid much attention to a subject so painful and disagreeable, that we regret that the character of our columns will not permit us to dilate in any detail upon it. We may, however, in general terms say, that one of the principal objects in Mr. Smith's book is, more widely to disseminate amongst the profession a practice of the late Dr. Houston, of Dublin, who first employed *nitric acid* as a caustic for the cure of hæmorrhoids, in place of a painful, and occasionally fatal, operation, which is, up to the present day, the leading practice in the treatment of these distressing maladies. Mr. Smith's views are thoroughly practical, and expressed in language at once clear, and devoid either of affectation or of charlatanism.

*The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion.* By Arthur Leared, M.B., M.R.I.A. (John Churchill, London, 1860.)

A NEW work on the treatment of imperfect digestion, if written with ability, must, of necessity, possess much interest both for the medical world and the public generally. That now before us contains much common sense, but is not sufficiently original to call for any special notice at our hands.

#### THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

THERE can be little doubt that Lord John Russell has disappointed the educated classes by the curiously incomplete and unsatisfactory manner in which he has treated the question of an educated franchise. He proposes to incorporate the London University and the four Universities of Scotland; but he has omitted the still more important Queen's University in Ireland. There are many reasons why we think the enfranchisement of the London University an objectionable measure; not indeed in itself, for we would be perfectly willing to have so able and learned a body as its graduates, represented in Parliament; but because it comes in the place of something else and something better. If all graduates of all Universities, British or foreign, were endowed with a vote, on proof of their graduation, and this simply as evidencing a certain amount of information—if the clergy, dissenting ministers, attorneys, barristers, physicians, surgeons, artists, members of learned societies having a charter, certificated schoolmasters, and certain other persons who might be named, were allowed the same right, we should have a powerful and most valuable element infused into the elective body all over the kingdom; idle, careless, or culpable voting would receive a great check, and much would be done to instruct the people at large in the nature of their constitutional privileges. But this very step would render unnecessary the enfranchising distinct bodies of men such as the graduates of the London University or those of Scotland; all the persons who would by such a measure as this last be endowed with the franchise, would have it equally by the other, and would vote without trouble on the spot, instead of having to take a tedious and expensive journey in order to exercise their right. In the cases of Oxford and Cambridge there is always a large body of regularly resident voters, so that here the objection would apply slightly, or not at all; and even in this case it would be found that non-resident Masters of Arts would, in almost all cases, prefer to register their votes in and for the town or county in which they lived. But, as there is no question of disfranchising these ancient institutions, we need enter no further into the matter as concerning them. The error of the proposed bill seems to be that, because these two bodies and Trinity College, Dublin, have hitherto been the sole representatives of the educational franchise, and because it would be impossible to rescind their privileges, or rather rights—rights which have been always faithfully used and diligently guarded—therefore all future recognition of an educational right to representation must be merely an extension of the old Oxford and Cambridge principle. The multiplication of Universities would make this difficult, even were it just. We see no reason why Durham should not have a member—St. Bees, Lampeter—St. August-



time's College in Canterbury might have another among them; and it would be necessary either to enlarge the number of representatives—and Sir Charles Barry has not provided room enough for those we have already—or to carry still further the unpopular principle of disfranchisement. Lord John's plan can, therefore, only be carried out in part and as an exceptional measure; like the rest of his schemes, it will want readjusting by-and-by. It is wanting in the element of permanence, and even its author would hardly claim for it the praise of "finality." On the other hand, if an educational franchise were adopted at once for the whole empire, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the London University would have all they would have any right, or probably any inclination, to demand; their graduates would be represented—represented without having either fatigue, loss of time, or expense entailed upon them as the price of recording their votes. It would seem, however, that this is not to be looked for; it is, perhaps, too simple for a circumlocutionist; the very practice of red-tapism may possibly incapacitate the mind from appreciating anything so devoid of intricacy, and accordingly we must perpetuate and enlarge a system now totally obsolete, or go without an educational franchise altogether.

This being the case, and the University of London having its representative, those of Scotland being similarly favoured, Cambridge, Oxford, and Dublin having been long provided, there seems much reason in the claim now put forth on the part of the Queen's University in Ireland. In fact, Mr. Cardwell admitted that it was sound in principle, and would have been admitted but for two obstacles—one was the recent establishment of the University, and the second the smallness of the proposed constituency. These two are in reality but one, and a very few years will remove both objections.

That the constituency of the Queen's University is small cannot be denied; but it would appear that, in estimating it, Mr. Cardwell has overlooked some very important elements. The number of graduates is, as he stated, about 260; but there are, in addition to these graduates, a Chancellor and Senate, consisting at present of seventeen members, sixty professors, and twenty-one office-bearers in the Queen's Colleges—most, if not all, of whom would come into the general constituency; making a present total of about 360 electors. And it must not be forgotten that this is a growing constituency; indeed, it increases at the rate of from forty to fifty every year, and would most probably, if enfranchised, increase much more rapidly. We are, therefore, justified in concluding that in a few years it will have reached a very respectable dimension.

But, besides this argument, there is another, the fairness of which cannot be contested. If this claim be now summarily refused, it cannot again speedily come be-

fore Parliament. We have no reason to expect that another measure of Parliamentary Reform will be introduced during the next five, or ten, or even twenty years, and we cannot hope that the case of the Queen's University will be considered except in connection with a general plan for the adjustment of the representative system. The case of the London University is one in point. That University was founded in 1836—four years after the passing of the Reform Act; and though its claim to a representative was long since admitted to be well founded—*i. e.*, if the present system is to be continued of representing learned bodies instead of the learned classes—it is only now, after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, that such claim is likely to be conceded. There is, therefore, reason to conclude that, unless a provision be made at once, the claim of the Queen's University will be indefinitely postponed.

Now, all past legislation has been in favour of the claim put forth by the Queen's University; for, if it be contended that the constituency is too small, it may be at once replied that, till the passing of the Reform Act, the constituency of the University of Dublin was only ninety-six, and that in the Reform Bill as originally proposed no provision was made for enlarging it, although a second representative was awarded it, on the avowed principle of giving increased representation to the Protestant Church. The opening of the constituency was carried as an amendment in committee. If, therefore, the Reform Government of 1832 saw no difficulty in the way of giving *two* representatives to a University constituency of ninety-six, there can be no reason why the present Government should object to give *one* representative to a similar constituency of 360. The claimants have great confidence in referring to the case of the University of Dublin, for in its unreformed state it may be cited as a remarkable instance of the value of small constituencies: its representatives were generally famous in Parliament, and were precisely of the class alluded to by Mr. Gladstone in his remarks on a similar subject last year; and, what is more to the point, it would not be easy to mention any constituency in which the elections were conducted with greater public spirit and purity.

Should, however, the smallness of the constituency be still considered a bar in the way of immediate enfranchisement, there is another way in which these claims may be recognised. Let it be enacted that the Queen's University shall return a member to the House of Commons so soon as the number of graduates shall reach any definite point. Such prospective enfranchisement will fairly meet the objections the University urged, and, at the same time, provide against being without a representative, when the constituency shall have arrived at a proper degree of expansion.

These are grounds which ought to have weight if Lord John's principle is to be

carried out; but we admit that they entail further difficulties, for there will be more claims made in the same spirit, and continually increasing ones. So long as any body numbering some 360 members, all men of a certain mark and amount of education, is unrepresented, so long will there be a feeling of injustice, and a perpetual agitation, to obtain what is looked upon as a right. We do not approve the enfranchisement of the London University, nor of the Scotch Colleges, nor of the Queen's University in Ireland; but we do require either this, or a more general recognition of education as a ground for bestowing the franchise; and if we cannot get one good comprehensive scheme, which would settle the matter *finally*, we must be content with half a score of enactments by way of instalments, unsatisfactory indeed in themselves, but still tending in the right direction.

The Reform measures now submitted to Parliament have been obviously framed for the purpose of enfranchising a large number of the *working* classes. The Reform Act of 1832 had for its object the enfranchisement of the *middle* ones. It has always been a principle of our Constitution that a class of men different from the landed proprietors and farmers, the commercial and labouring classes, should be represented in Parliament. Hence we have had the Universities represented from an early period. It is not difficult to find a reason for this: in the clash of material and local interests it is well that there should be a class of men who can hold themselves calm and unprejudiced, and who can bring to the discussion of social and political questions a comprehensiveness of view which is the result of their large knowledge and trained habits of thought.

It would be well to have this element, not in small lumps, but scattered throughout the constituency of the country; if we cannot have the whole mass rapidly leavened by the diffusion of the lumps, we must trust to the slower process of keeping the lumps together; and in that case it will be well to multiply these as much as possible.

We have taken our statistics and some of our arguments from a little pamphlet addressed by a graduate of the Queen's University to Mr. Cardwell, and published by Hodges, Smith, and Co., of Dublin.

#### NOVELS.

*Bengala; or, Some Time ago.* (J. H. Parker and Son.)

BENGALA would be a good novel but for two serious faults. It is a great deal too long; and in these days we cannot afford to overlook any dereliction in this direction, more especially when we are not compensated by any proportionate improvement in a writer's style and matter. These two-volume novels, indeed, are as deceptive as Irish milestones. They look so much smaller, and so much more innocent, than the regular rakish and fashionable three-volume novel, that the most rigid declaimers against the age's inordinate indulgence in fiction are

not ashamed to be seen reading them; and yet in reality they make far more serious demands upon time, and as far as our own experience goes, conceal quite as much murder, love, and suicide, and similar elements of a thrilling interest, as the latter do. And this remark brings us to the second charge we have to prefer against "Bengala." It is not organic—that is to say, its length has militated against the relations and proportions of the body of the work, just as a very tall youth is tall at the expense of the thickness of his legs, the breadth of his arms and chest, and, generally speaking, of his own comfort and confidence in himself. In this way, "Bengala," which we repeat might have been a really good novel, is almost spoilt by the confusions and improbabilities involved by the introduction of a number of episodic scenes and characters, for no other purpose, as far as we can see, than for filling up so much space. The earlier chapters of the book really delighted us, and we anticipated the grateful task (for reviewers are not without some human feelings) of unqualified praise. In the second volume, however, amid murders, suicide, and misplaced affections, we felt a guilty longing to be at the end, and were only deterred by our fondness for the heroine (who is really throughout a very charming and authentic personage) from taking the royal road to that coveted consummation.

The chief merit of "Bengala," in our eyes, is its apparently faithful transcript of the position, the interests, and daily life of our English colonists in Australia, some twenty years or more ago. It is evidently the work of one thoroughly familiar with the scenes and the people described; the trees and flowers, their forms and colour, the lavish glory of their blossom and drooping foliage, are often put before us, in these pages, with much discriminating skill. The strange cries and passionate movements of many coloured birds; the depth of tangled thickets, and the human cheerfulness which lives about some little plot of cleared ground, the germ and anticipation of a society, which shall one day tame and rule this so potent nature, which now, in every direction, limits and menaces men—we hear and feel it all. There is great merit in this part of the book; and all who have friends in Australia will feel grateful to the writer, and thankful that she has written so well on a subject which she so thoroughly understands. Our colonies—Australia especially—ought to possess an interest for all of us. We ought to know more about them than the vague and half-obsolete notions which are generally accepted; and if, as we always maintain, the chief business of a writer of novels is not to borrow or invent a story, and then mix up with it a little poetry, a little sentimentalised metaphysics, or failing that, what is always sure to find a market—a good deal of highly-seasoned theology—but broad and discriminating observations of human life, both the external facts on which it rests, and the changes and conditions of the inward life, so far as they have a reference to the external; then a writer who can put before us a faithful representation of colonial life, what English men and women become in Australia, together with some different *tableaux* of the country itself, has done a good work, and has deserved our gratitude. The author of "Bengala" has certainly done this for us in the first chapters of her book. We are introduced to the family of a Mr. Lang, a large owner of land, and lord of as many sheep and bullocks as a patriarch in Genesis, his wife, and two daughters, Kate and Isabel, some younger children, and a governess, who turns out to have been all along engaged to the interesting

and earnest young divine, whom we—in perfect conformity with the often expressed opinions of Mrs. Lang—had set down to one of the Miss Langes. This is one of the needless mystifications of the book, nor do we think it right, artistically or morally, to represent the principal duty of this young minister as consisting in making morning calls at Langville. Miss Isabel herself is only a little annoyed, not at all distressed, by this unlooked-for *dénouement*, and ends by marrying the very gentleman—a Mr. Herbert—whom she had assigned to her governess, but who had always entertained an affection for herself; the affection of a man of thirty for a frank and clever child, ripening into a warmer and more durable attachment. The loves of Mr. Herbert and Isabel are told with much skill and sincerity. She is throughout the best character in the book—her sweet and affectionate mind, her liveliness, with just enough of a charming wilfulness, and gay colonial freedom, are well sustained. Mr. Herbert is equally good in his way, though his way, as they say in Westmorland, is a bad one; he is rather proud, reserved, and patronising. We wished Isabel a better destiny, even when her admirer succeeded to a baronetcy and a large estate, by the provisions of that pleasant law of providence which obtains in novels. But these satisfactory events are not brought about without a number of interruptions and misconceptions intervening, which, indeed, were only to be looked for, in accordance with the well known and inflexible canon touching "true love." Kate, the elder sister, has an equally chequered history. She is wooed for a time by a young gentleman of agreeable address, the brother of a Mrs. Vesey, who makes a very edifying representation of the ambitiously fine lady in the bush; and subsequently deserted by him on pecuniary considerations, which appear to be more than enough appreciated in that pastoral land. Like her sister, however, she is by no means without another string to her bow. An ardent, but shy admirer—somewhat unaptly symbolized under the boisterous name of "Tom Jolly"—comes to the rescue, and the sisters are ultimately married to the men of their choice the same day. If, in the former case, we were disposed to pity the lady, in the latter, we cannot help regarding the gentleman as an object deserving compassion. Tom Jolly is, in fact, very shamefully used all through the book, wherever he assumes a prominent part, which, to do him justice, he very seldom does. His final cause, we suppose, was to marry Miss Kate Lang, and so we feel less commiseration for him when he is slighted or neglected; it is only part of his destiny. These families, the Langes, the Herberts—for there is a Miss Herbert, somewhat old and prim, who gallantly leads off and marries a Dr. Marsh, introduced also into the world, apparently, for such destiny—the Jollies, the Veseys, and Mr. Farrant, the clergyman, are the respectable people of the tale. They sow, and plant, and build, and marry; and much of the domestic aspect of this early colonial life is very pleasantly told. But we are not suffered to remain always in so refined an atmosphere as this. Close around, and under our very feet, is another and very repulsive world of convicts, whose compulsory labour has been assigned to Mr. Lang. Into this delectable society Mrs. Vidal finds a malicious pleasure in plunging the unsuspecting reader. We are turned from the drawing-room, and the society of amiable and right-minded young women, to a convict's hut; and exchange the well-meaning inanities of a morning call for the more candid but

coarser expressions of opinion which fall from a convict's lips. We do not think that Mrs. Vidal's convicts are altogether authentic specimens of their class. They have an unmitigable smack of Adelphi melodrama about them, and sometimes denounce their superiors, or soliloquise, somewhat in King Cambyse's vein. A certain Jack Lynch is the hero here, and his affections are bestowed upon a young girl of great beauty, but almost idiotic, whose charms are as potent over these savage natures as Una's were over the Satyrs. This young maiden is gracefully drawn, but sadly unreal and shadowy; nor can we bring ourselves to feel much interest in her fate. She and Jack Lynch are separated by Mr. Lang, and this proves the means by which the fortunes of the patricians and plebeians of the story are mutually involved. Up to this point, matters had gone on pleasantly enough; now commence the horrors and the catastrophes; now must we look to our eyes; for the personages of this quiet world are disturbed by storms, and Phoebus' car, as honest Bottom says, "begins to make and mar the foolish fates." Mr. Lang is first ruined, and then murdered, by this same atrocious Jack Lynch. Ellen Maclean, the pretty innocent, is spirited away, and afterwards dies of fever and a broken heart. Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lang had previously quarrelled, and our dear little heroine, mistaken in one lover, and abandoned by the other, who is, indeed, half uncle and half lover, makes a conquest of a Roman Catholic priest, a certain Dr. Mornay. This episode was totally unnecessary, and nothing can be conceived more weak and improbable than are all the circumstances attending it. The priest, in the first place, is the stock conventional priest of second-rate novelists. Of course, he is penetrating, handsome, all-persuading, and ascetic. He makes some impression on our heroine, who appears to cherish some hope of turning him into a sound Protestant; but without—we honestly believe—ulterior aims. The poor priest, however, is not let off so easily as this: he falls desperately, frantically, hopelessly in love with Isabel. He becomes quite confidential in his conversation with her, and eschewing theology, talks as Lara or the Corsair might have been expected to talk, had either of those gentlemen received the advantages of an education in a Jesuit seminary. He soliloquises by night near the house where she is sleeping, in this fashion:—

"All—all; penances—denial—vigils—labours, and toil! Will nothing avail now? Not even my promised reward (the Pope, it seems, had summoned him from the bush to receive a Cardinal's hat)! Pish! what is it? Rotten; dust and ashes. In a few months I should gain all. All—honour—power. Is it some device of the enemy that has blinded my intellect? I—I—the stern, the rigid—who laughed at all. Strong, great in my self-possession, so that I could afford to approach the forbidden things! For me it had no charms. But now! Scourge—fasting—torture—where are ye? What am I?"

While he is in this state of mind, a fire breaks out, and threatens to burn up the young lady before his very eyes. For an instant he hesitates, thinking it better for all parties if she were to be removed—perfect as she was—to another and a better world; but, changing his mind, he rushes in, saves her, and astonishes her with some incoherent avowal of love, which she very properly discounts. The upshot of the business is, that the priest kills himself by poison; and Isabel is reserved for Mr. Herbert, as before explained. All this is very poor: what with Jack Lynch and Ellen, both prematurely cut off, the former after having committed a murder, we did think that we had



a kind of right to expect no more "business" of this nature, especially as the author had already exhibited considerable talent in dealing with conditions of life more simple and uniform than these, into which an ill-regulated love for incident has turned her. It is this melo-dramatic element, so liberally introduced, and the length to which the story is spun out, that, to our minds, has spoiled what appeared to be a very readable and sensible novel. There is considerable talent of description, and some delicate appreciation of shades of character. Mr. Lang—harsh on principle, yet not revengeful, among his men, and the kindest of fathers at home—is really very cleverly drawn. So, also, are Mr. Herbert and Isabel. Mrs. Vesey, the would-be fine lady, and the well-meaning clergyman, are good sketches. The other personages do not seem to us either natural or consistent. We cannot, indeed, appeal to our own experience of convicts; but we feel that we have in "Bengala" (and perhaps nothing more should be looked for) only a very approximate representation—considerably idealised—of their real nature and habits. We wish, indeed, that they had never been introduced at all. The double plot is always a fatigue and an annoyance. Most people—if they would confess it—have found it so, even in the "Merchant of Venice;" and if so, what are we to expect in other quarters? Having given one extract, which does not do the writer's general style justice, we conclude with two others, which will convey a fairer notion of the merits of the book. No writer would wish to be judged by specimens culled by an indifferent or hostile hand from a work which has cost him hours of thought and labour, and, in general, we avoid the practice, when criticising works of imagination; but in the present case, when we have thought it incumbent on us to dwell on some very obvious defects (which might have been so easily avoided), a quotation or two, showing how well and sensibly the writer generally writes, is only an act of justice. Our first extract shall be a scene which describes a "burning off," that is, a clearing of a portion of the bush by fire, for the purposes of cultivation:—

"Come along, come along," now shouted Willie and Jem, as they rushed by, and the cry was repeated by the gentlemen. They quickened their pace, and soon reached the spot. There lay the tall trees, with leaves yet green on them—cut down in their prime or early youth—the old dry trunk and the sappling alike laid low; and there were the heaps which the men had already built up, and were now setting fire to. The moon was up, and the sun looked red through the thick mass of dark iron-bark trees, in the distance. There was a music of the evening breeze, as it played on the spiral leaves of the swamp-oak, and a crackling of the fire, louder and louder, and the shouts of men as they called to each other.

"It was an animated scene, and every one entered into it with spirit. Every one—even Mrs. Lane, took up sticks or dry grass to throw on the piles—every one, but Mr. Herbert, who, leaning against a tree, seemed to enjoy looking on. Isabel, with her father and brother, was the most active in piling up faggots. She ran to a burning heap, and seized a fire-stick to apply to the pile they had raised. As she ran through the air the stick blazed up. The boys clapped their hands and cried, 'Run, Issy, run,' and swift as the wind she flew, and threw it triumphantly on the heap, just in time to save her hand from being burnt.

"More sticks, Willie, run for more," cried Isabel, "and this pile will beat all the others." Mr. Herbert darted forward and threw dry sticks and leaves; and Mr. Lang dragged a large branch which they threw on. Then, indeed, it burst forth in grand style—curling and crackling, and waving its long tongues of flame, throwing a strong glare on the eager and excited faces which stood around.

"Several acres were now burning. It was a striking and a peculiar sight—the fires, the pale moon, with the tall, white, gaunt gum trees, standing out in strong relief against the sky; and the group of young people jumping to and fro; Isabel—still the busiest of all—here, there, and everywhere."—Vol. i., pp. 112, 113.

Our next extract shall be a speech, the principles of which, if not its oratory, should recommend it to the admirers of Mr. Bright. At a meeting held for taking into consideration a proposal to build a new church at Bengala, a Mr. Budd unburdens his soul to this effect:—

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have—that is, I beg to propose a toast—agreeable, I hope, to all parties who have any public spirit—I say, agreeable to all public-spirited men—hem—I mean the proposed scheme of a new bridge and church at Bengala. I hope, through my own, and the exertions of all this worthy company, especially our worthy minister (bowing to Mr. Farrant), to have the satisfaction of seeing a handsome brick church, which will, I am sure, raise the price of land, and attract settlers. Besides—hem—besides, the—the poetical, if I may be allowed the expression—the poetical effect of a spire rising from the forest. So, not detaining you any longer," added Mr. Budd, with energy, "here's to the bridge of Bengala;" and he swung his glass round his head, and swayed himself to and fro with delight."—*Ibid.*, pp. 134-5.

## POETRY.

*Modern Minstrelsy.* (Groombridge and Co., Paternoster Row.)

THE Preface to this volume (which appears to have two names, being indifferently called the *Poetical Souvenir* and *Modern Minstrelsy*) informs us that "when the publication of it was first entertained, it was intended only to collect the favourite productions of living poets from their published works; but impediments arising from publishers withholding permission to reprint, the Editors were induced to seek materials from other sources;" they therefore proposed to open their pages "to all whose writings should be deemed acceptable;" and now "it is believed that there will be found so many original poems in this volume, of such real beauty and intrinsic merit, that whilst an apology for its appearance would be an injustice, it will sufficiently prove there are many among us . . . whose flowers of song, but for such a publication, would be

"born to blush unseen,  
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

This is undoubtedly the chief merit of the little book before us: for, though the introductory piece warning us that we are going to read "Not from the grand old masters, not from the bards sublime," bears the honoured name of Longfellow; and though we find in the collection lyrics from the pens of Charles Swain and Gerald Massey, by far the greater number of contributions are the productions of those humbler poets, who have a local, perhaps, but by no means a universal fame. Thanks, therefore, are most justly due to any one who shall prove to our age—for are we not an age of intellectual progress?—that vigour of thought, play of fancy, and elegance of expression, may be found by him who cares to see, in the verses of a postman, as Edward Capern, and of a working coal-miner, as Joseph Skipsey. As the body cannot feed for ever on barons of beef and haunches of venison, so the mind cannot for ever nourish itself with the Sublime and the Beautiful; it is glad sometimes to take the lighter refreshment of the Lowly and the Pretty: and this is the sort of refreshment to be found in the *Poetical Souvenir*. Let him who would be thrilled stand off; this is no book for him; but whoever takes delight in the songs that gush from the heart without pretension, without effort, let him draw near and read. He must not be disheartened to find, now and then, rough versification; now and then a queer construction; now and then may be a false concord, as "there beams those earnest eyes;" he must steel

his nerves also against such rhymes as "hath," "path," &c., and the last syllable of "photograph," "fair" and "sphere," "came" and "strain," "vanquished," and the last two syllables of "relinquished," "slumbered," and the last two syllables of "remembered," "woman" and "common," "Robin" and "sobbing," &c. He must be prepared to find that a little girl "was wonderful as grottoes with strange gods in every nook;" and we are very much inclined to believe that he will, whenever he perceives "o'er," or "door," or "floor," or any like-sounding word at the end of the second line, in apprehension of a coming event, exclaim, with the writer of the "Child Angel"—

"Oh! the terror! Oh! the anguish  
Of that one word—evermore!"

for it is continually staring one in the face; still let the reader remember who it is that writes. We cannot conclude without giving our readers a taste of the quality of this volume; they will, we think, acknowledge that there is humour, sense, and pathos in the thoughts—grace, harmony, and appropriateness in the versification of the following lines by Mr. Charles Swain:—

"A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And bled the time with a merry chime,  
The wintry hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it call'd at daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn look'd grey o'er the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly;  
Tick, tick, it said,—quick, out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

"Still hourly the sun goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost for e'er!  
Its heart beats on,—though hearts are gone  
That warmer beat and younger;  
Its hands still move,—though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
Tick, tick, it said,—to the churchyard bed,  
The Grave hath given warning,—  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a Heavenly morning!"

that they never supposed when "rat-tat" roused them out of a doze, the disturber of their nap might possibly be framing such verses as these:—

"He marketh the date of the snowdrop's birth,  
And knows when the time is near  
For white scented violets to gladden the earth,  
And sweet primrose groups to appear.  
He can show you the spot where the hyacinth wild  
Hangs out her bell blossoms of blue;  
And tell where the celandine's bright-eyed child  
Fills her chalice with honey dew.  
The purple-dyed violet, the hawthorn, and sloe,  
The crocuses that trail in the lane,  
The dragon, the daisy, the clover-rose, too,  
And buttercups gliding the plain;  
The foxglove, the robert, the gorse, and the thyme,  
The heather and broom on the moor,  
And the sweet honeysuckle that loveth to climb  
The arch of the cottager's door.  
He knoweth them all, and he loveth them well,  
And others not honour'd with fame,  
For they hang round his life like a beautiful spell,  
And light up his path with their flame.  
O, a pleasant life is the postman's life,  
And a fine cheerful soul is he,  
For he'll shout and sing like a forest king,  
On the crown of an ancient tree."

"O, the postman's is as blessed a life  
As any one's I trow,  
If leaping the stile, o'er many a mile,  
Can blessedness bestow:  
If tearing your way through a tangled wood,  
Or dragging your limbs through a lawn—  
If wading knee-deep through an angry flood,  
Or a plough'd field newly sown,  
If sweating big drops 'neath a burning sun,  
And shivering 'mid sleet and snow;  
If drench'd to the skin with rain, be fun,  
And can a joy bestow!  
If tolling away through a weary week  
(Not six-day week, but seven),  
Without one holy hour to seek  
A resting-place in heaven,—  
If hearing the bells ring Sabbath chimes,  
To bid us all repair  
To church (as in the olden times),  
And bend the knee in prayer,—  
If in those bells he hears a voice,  
'To thy delivery,  
God says to every soul 'Rejoice,'  
But postman, not to thee."

and that what it is the fashion to term the "lower

orders" are not very hopeless subjects for the educator, if a coalminer can write like this:—

"Boldly face the strife before thee!  
Difficulties big with gloom;  
In their rear are wreaths of glory  
For the heroes who o'ercome.  
Valour's born from self-denial;  
Wisdom, from each stern rebuke;  
Power, from every pain and trial  
That the human soul may brook."

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Bible and Prayer-Book Versions of the Psalms, exhibited in Parallel Columns, with Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By Sir Lancelot Charles Lee Brenton, Bart. (Samuel Bagster & Sons.)—In his preface Sir Charles Brenton reminds us of the facts connected with the two versions of the Psalms. The Prayer-Book version of the Psalms is taken from the Great English Bible of the time of Henry the Eighth, translated by Tyndal and Coverdale, and revised by Archbishop Cranmer. This translation was, in fact, the noiseless instrument of the conversion of England to Protestantism. The Book of Common Prayer was compiled in the first year of Edward the Sixth; and, of course, the version of the Psalms had to be taken from existing translations. It was not till fifty years later that the present translation was commenced, and concluded eight years later, in the time of James the First. The later version is, in fact, founded on the first version, but with considerable improvements. As a translation, there is no doubt that the Bible version is the more accurate. It is urged, however, that the Prayer-Book version is more musical, and more devotional. This, however, is not so much a matter of fact as a matter of taste. It has been a very excellent idea of Sir Charles Brenton's to publish an edition of the two in parallel columns, which, for many purposes, must be exceedingly useful. The edition is furthermore enriched with a vast number of unostentatious but valuable notes, evincing great learning and great piety. The convenience of such a work is most obvious, and we have much pleasure in giving it the most cordial commendation.

*Curiosities of War and Military Studies: Anecdotal, Descriptive, and Statistical.* By Thomas Carter, Adjutant General's office. (Groombridge and Sons.)—A capital book, and one that will be appreciated beyond the camp and the barrack-room. Mr. Carter is a man of much observation and industry, and has collected together a mass of entertaining facts and anecdotes, which must prove acceptable to all classes of Englishmen. His chapter on "Sunday Battles" is especially curious, and that on "Defence of the Colours," admirably interesting: while the carefully-compiled list of "Recipients of the Victoria Cross" was well imagined, as it will render the volume a most acceptable gift to the relatives of the heroes whose gallant deeds are therein chronicled; while on the rail it will be a most amusing, genial, and convenient companion. We are glad to see that H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge has accepted the dedication of the book, as that alone is a sufficient guarantee of the authenticity of its contents. The following is an amusing specimen of the abuses tolerated in the "good old times":—

"INFANTS IN THE INFANTRY.—In the letters and despatches of the Duke of Marlborough, which were unexpectedly discovered at Blenheim a few years since, when that mansion was undergoing repairs, and which were edited by the late General Sir George Murray, the practice of giving commissions, in Queen Anne's time, to children, is thus adverted to:—The duke's letter is to the Earl of Cardigan (vol. iii., page 653), in reference to the son of the late Major-General Brudenell, recommended for a company in the regiment; but he was only five years old. Marlborough refused, 'as contrary to the rules the queen has prescribed for herself in that matter, besides that the inquiry Parliament is making of the officers absent from their commands in Spain, makes it yet the more difficult.'

"This is not an isolated instance, as the accompanying extract of another letter from the Duke of Marlborough to Mr. Walpole shows:—

"Camp at Helchin, 31st August, 1708.

"I own I have been some time under obligations to my

Lord Portmore for his son, who is now twelve years of age; and though I am by no means for encouraging children in the service, yet, his Lordship having been many years at the head of that regiment, I intend to do myself the honour to write two words to the prince upon the present vacancy."

"The Duke of Marlborough addressed a letter from the camp at Fretain, on the 7th of September, 1708, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark on this occasion."

*Life and Times of General Samuel Dale, the Mississippi Partisan.* By J. F. H. Claiborne. (Sampson Low).—This is a book worth reading. It is not particularly well written, and it makes no great pretensions; but it is worth reading from its subject-matter, for it contains the history of the life of a remarkable man. Moreover, it is a simple and a true statement that we have before us; for the volume is compiled from notes of General Dale's own words, taken at different times and by different persons, when he could be brought to speak of the stirring scenes in which he taken a part. We have read the book with very great interest, and we cordially recommend it to the perusal of those who care to read the unvarnished story of a brave man, or to gain any knowledge of the frontier wars of the early part of the present century. Truth is, they say, often stranger than fiction; and so it is in this case; a great many "thrilling incidents" might be taken from the "Life of General Samuel Dale."

*Beeton's Book of Household Management.* Edited by Mrs. Isabella Beeton.—The young and inexperienced wife will find this little work, which is to be completed in about twenty monthly parts, a very valuable companion. Every subject appertaining to household management, to judge from the four parts which have just reached us, will be discussed in a full and sensible way. Whether the reader is desirous of knowing how to live on a hundred, or a thousand a year, he may safely apply to this work for information.

*Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information.* (Beeton).—There have been so many excellent cyclopedias already produced, that it would seem almost superfluous to produce more; yet new ones constantly appear. The advantage possessed by the one now before us seems to be this—that, when complete, it will contain a vast amount of information within a tolerably small compass. As a pocket cyclopaedia, therefore, for general use, it will undoubtedly be valuable. It will be completed in thirty-six monthly parts, sixteen of which have already appeared.

*The Boy's Own Magazine.* (S. O. Beeton).—In this publication we find some very capital papers of that kind which, from experience, is known to be best suited for boys. "The Fife and Drum" is, of course, the story of a boy who "would be a soldier." We can say nothing of its merits at present. The "Adventures of a Cat through her Nine Lives" is an uncommonly humorous story. The following is worth extracting:—"The baby slept in a little cot in the nurse's bedroom; and when it was put to bed in the evening, I crept up to bed too—it was so comfortable to snuggle my nose against its warm little body. Well, one evening, when we had so been a-bed together for about an hour, baby began to grow restless, and finally to toss its arms about, and to scream. This brought up the nurse, whose first exclamation was—'Oh, gracious goodness me! The precious is in a fit; she is quite black in the face!' Then, catching sight of me, she continued, 'Ho! good hivins, no; it ain't in a fit! it's that beast of a kitten been a-suckin' its breath! You gould and you wampire, get out of this!' With this, she seized my innocent carcase, and flung me out of the window. Thus I lost my first life." The illustrations to the stories in this periodical are chiefly by Harrison Weir and Julian Portch, two well known artists.

*Cassell's Hand-book of Chess.*—Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin announce their intention of publishing a series of Elementary Hand-books on various subjects. The one before us is on "chess." The following subjects are in preparation, viz.:—Book-keeping, etiquette, gardening, and commercial correspondence. We have no doubt that by a certain class these hand-books will be found to be very useful.

*Index to Current Literature.* (Sampson Low and Son).—The value and importance of this compilation can scarcely be over-estimated. We give in his own words the editor's explanation of its purpose,—

"The object aimed at in this index is to afford a ready reference to the titles of new publications, including pamphlets and original articles of distinct literary interest, contained in magazines, papers, &c., often equally important to literature as separate publications, but hitherto rarely taken into account."

Publishers, editors, indeed all persons connected directly or indirectly with literature, science, or the arts, should be in possession of this work. It registers the name of every book that is published, giving size, price, and name of publisher; every article possessing a speciality which appears in the *Times*, the quarterly reviews, monthly magazines, or weekly periodicals, as well as every new fact in art and science. These are all indexed, and the name, date, and page of the publication given, in which full particulars may be found.

We have before us Nos. 1 to 4, bound together, alphabetically arranged, and completing the year 1859. The Index will be published quarterly in future, on the 25th of April, July, October, and January.

We will merely add, further, that this excellent publication has only to be generally known to be generally appreciated; and the more it is appreciated, the greater will be the probability of its being continued—a thing very much to be desired.

*Sabbath-Evening Readings on the New Testament.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. (Hall, Virtue & Co.).—This volume will, doubtless, receive a cheerful welcome from the author's admirers (and they must be numerous), for whose edification his prolific pen is constantly at work. But the non-admirers of the Rev. Doctor (and they also are numerous) will read much in the book that sounds like bombast and presumption.

*The Graduated Series of Reading-Lesson Books.* (Longman & Co.).—Book the third of this series, which has just reached us, comprises miscellaneous readings in prose and poetry, in descriptive travel, the geography of Northern Europe, natural history, and the history of England.

*Books and Libraries; a Lecture.* By Sir John Simeon, Bart., M.A.—This lecture was delivered in October last, at the Ryde Literary and Scientific Institute. In it the author traces the history of book-collecting from its earliest period to the present time. Being himself a scholar and a great lover of books, he has succeeded in making a treatise on a somewhat dull subject more than tolerably interesting.

*The Highlands and Highlanders.* Second Series. (Saunders and Otley).—Of the literary merits of this work we spoke at some length a few weeks ago, when the first series appeared. We still adhere to the opinions then expressed. The author possesses ample funds of anecdote and information; and those who do not object to a little coarseness, and a careless, gossip style of writing, will peruse his work with interest.

*Amy's Kitchen; a Village Romance.* By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." (Lockwood & Co.).—The story in this little book is told with much grace and modest simplicity. It is suited more especially for the young. We have often met with volumes of greater pretension than this, which, however, were much less worthy of perusal.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Bailey (P. J.), *Festus*: a Poem, 6th ed., post 8vo, 8s. 6d.  
Bohn's Cheap Series—Cinq-Mars, 12mo, 2s.  
Bohn's Standard Library—Michelet's History of the French Revolution, 3s. 6d.  
Boys' Birthday Book, 2nd ed., post 8vo, 5s.  
Brown (J.), *Dictionary of the Holy Bible*, new ed., 8vo, 9s.  
Bunch (A.), *Poetry of the Heart*, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
Candlish (R. S.), *The Two Great Commandments*, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.



Carmichael (P.), *Science of Music Simplified*, royal 8vo, 1s. 9d. and 2s.  
 Charente (A. de), *Exercises adapted to the Course of French*, 12mo, 3s.  
 Chickweed without Chickweed, 12mo, 1s.  
 Curate's (The) Wife, a Tale of 186—, 18mo, 1s. 6d.  
 Curran (J. P.), *Speeches*, 2nd ed., post 8vo, 4s.  
 Davis (H.), *Practical Essays for Improvement of Farming*, new ed., 8vo, 5s.  
 Evenings with the Poets: Sketches of their Favorite Scenes, 12mo, 5s.  
 Francillon (J.), *Lectures, Elementary and Familiar, in English Law*, 1st series, 8vo, 8s.  
 Gardeners' and Farmers' Reason Why, post 8vo, 2s. 6d.  
 Gleams of Glory from the Celestial World, 32mo, 1s.  
 Graded Series of Reading Lesson Books, Grade 3, 12mo, 2s.  
 Hardwicke's Shilling Knightage, 32mo, 1s.  
 Hawthorne (N.), *Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni*, 2nd ed., 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d.  
 Hayes (L.), *An Arctic Boat Journey in Autumn of 1854*, post 8vo, 6s.  
 Heywood (J.), *Academic Reform and University Reform*, 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
 Hutton (T.), *The Consummation*, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
 Hutton (T.), *Chronology of Creation*, 2nd ed., 8vo, 3s. 6d.  
 Hutton (T.), *Israel in the Past, the Present, and Future*, 2nd ed., 8vo, 3s. 6d.  
 Lessing's German Tables with Translation, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
 Lindley (N.), *Treatise on the Law of Partnership*, 2 vols., royal 8vo, 48s.  
 Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, post 8vo, 5s.  
 Louis (J.), *German Copy Book*, 4to, 1s. 6d.  
 Lover (S.), *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, new ed., 12mo, 2s.  
 Lyrica and Legends of Rome, by Idea, 8vo, 7s.  
 Lytton (E. B.), *Harold the Last of the Saxon Kings*, new ed., 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
 Lytton (E. B.) *My Novel*, library ed., Vol. IV., post 8vo, 5s.  
 McChesne (R. M.), *Basket of Fragments*, 5th ed., 12mo, 4s.  
 Manual of Artillery Exercises, oblong, 2s.  
 Massereene and Ferrard (Visc.), *Love of God; a Poem*, 12mo, 5s.  
 Melville (G. J.), *General Bounce, or the Lady and the Locusts*, 2nd ed., post 8vo, 5s.  
 Mill on the Floss, by George Eliot, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d.  
 Mursell (A.), *Lectures to Working Men*, Third Series, Vol. II., 1s.  
 ParLOUR Library, Maurice (M.), *Revelations of a Catholic Priest*, 12mo, 2s.  
 Plato's *Philebus Dialogue*, on Pleasure and Knowledge; in English, 8vo, 2s. 6d.  
 Pope's *Poetical Works*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
 Railway Library—Love, by Lady C. Bury, 12mo, 1s. 6d.  
 Railway Public General Acts, 1858-59, 12mo, 6s.  
 Ray of Light to brighten Cottage Homes, new ed., 12mo, 1s. 6d.  
 Robinson (T.), *Scripture Characters*, new ed., 8vo, 9s.  
 Russell (Henry), *Songs from his Entertainment*, Book I., 4to, 1s.  
 Scott (Sir W.), *Waverley Novels, Betrothed*, railway ed., 12mo, 1s. 6d., and 2s.  
 Scott (Sir W.), *Waverley Novels, Illust.*—Ivanhoe, Vol. II., 4s. 6d.; *Monastery*, Vol. I., 4s. 6d.  
 Selby (G.), *Events to be Remembered in History of England*, 29th ed., 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
 Shell (R. L.), *Speeches*, 2nd ed., post 8vo, 4s.  
 Sherwood (Mrs.), *Lady of the Manor*, Vol. V., 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
 Sineon (J.), *Books and Libraries*, a Lecture, post 8vo, 1s. 6d.  
 Sir Gilbert: or, Truth at Last, 12mo, 2s.  
 Smith (T. B.), *Masterpieces of Literature, in Prose and Poetry*, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
 Smith (W.), *Dictionary of the Bible*, Vol. I., 8vo, 42s.  
 St. John (P. B.), *Amey Moss; or, the Banks of the Ohio*, 12mo, 2s.  
 Taylor (B.), *Visit to India, China, and Japan, by Pardon*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
 Verey (J.), *Tinsel or Gold; a Family Story*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
 Wade (J.), *Selected Poikas, Schottishes, and Galops*, 4 vols., 4s.  
 Weale's Greek Series, *Homer's Odyssey*, Vol. I., part 3, 12mo, 1s. 6d.  
 Welcome Guest, Vol. I., New Series, royal 8vo, 5s. 6d.  
 Wilson (Sir J.), *Narrative of Events during Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Bonaparte*, 8vo, 1s.  
 Wilson (T.), *Historical Tales about Europe*, 12mo, 2s. 6d.

## SCIENTIFIC.

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Thursday, April 5, at 8 P.M.: Professor Bell, on "A New Genus of *Crustacea*," "Notes on Ants," communicated by Mr. Paterson, of Belfast. Mr. Bentham, "Notes on *Ternstramiaceae*."  
 INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Tuesday, April 3, at 8 P.M.: Discussion upon Mr. Wethered's paper on "Combined Steam."

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—On the 24th of February Dr. Carpenter gave a lecture on the "Relation of Vital and Physical Forces," tracing the correlation between heat and vital force, and showing it to be as clear as that between heat and motion.—The lecture delivered by Professor Owen, on the 27th of January, on the "Cerebral System of Classification of the Mammalia," has just been printed, and is a very important contribution to a philosophical grouping of the

animals concerning which it treats. Professor Owen tells us that the lowest forms of mammals possess brains of a character which he expresses by the name he proposes for the group, *Lyencephala*, or "loose brains." The mammalia with these brains are the *Monotremata* (echidna and ornithorynchus) and the *Marsupialia*. In both these groups the cerebral hemispheres are in "a loose or disconnected state," as compared with those of higher animals. The marsupials are mostly nocturnal, or appear abroad during the day only in dark, rainy weather; and the Professor considers their low position associated with the prevalent habit of limiting the faculties of active life to the obscurity of night. The second ascending type of brain is found among the *Rodentia*, *Insectivora*, *Cheiroptera*, and *Bruta*, or *Edentata*; and these Dr. Owen proposes to call *Lisencephala*, or "smooth brains," a name referring to the smooth, unconvoluted exterior of that organ. The Professor pointed out the numerous relations presented by this group to the oviparous vertebrata, and remarked that the most ancient mammals whose fossil remains were found in secondary strata were either Ly- or Lyssencephalous, and belonged either to the *Marsupialia* or the *Insectivora*. The third type of brain was found in monkeys, lemurs, &c., and named *Gyencephala*, or "winding brains," so called from their convolutions. This division was subdivided into the *Mutillata*, so called because their hinder limbs seemed, as it were, to have been amputated, comprehending *Cetacea* and *Sirenia*; the *Ungulata*, divided into *Perissodactyla* and *Artiodactyla*, according to the odd or even number of their toes—the single hoof of the horse, the triple hoof of the tapir exemplify the first—the double hoof of the camel, the quadruple hoof of the hippopotamus the second; and the *Unguiculata*. The Professor pointed out the superior utility to man of the members of this division now in existence, compared with the services which could have been rendered if their predecessors in geological time had survived down to the human epoch. The present ruminants, for example, more thoroughly digest grass, and form out of it a more nutritive meat, and the present monodactyl horse was a better and swifter beast of draught than his tridactyl predecessor, the miocene *Hipporion*, could have been. Passing from the *Quadrumania*, the fourth and highest type of brain rises at once to that "marvellous structure which is peculiar to our own species," and the sole representative of this class is man, described as *Archencephala*, or "overruling brain."

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, March 20th, 1860. Charles Jellicoe, Esq., in the chair. Thomas B. L. Baker; James Bennett; Henry Fawcett; John Glover; Daniel Gurney; and Edmund Potter, Esqs., were elected members of the society. M. Levasseur and M. J. E. Horn, of Paris, nominated at the last ordinary meeting, were elected foreign honorary members of the society. Mr. Lumley, one of the honorary secretaries, read a paper, compiled by Mr. D. F. Fenton, of Auckland, in New Zealand, upon the census of the Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants of that colony. It appears that a census of these people was taken in 1858, when the total numbers were found to be 56,000, of which the males were 31,670, and the females 24,330. But this population is rapidly decreasing. This was shown by the examination of a census taken in 1844, by three resident missionaries of the Church of England; and a minute comparison had been made by tracing the individuals named therein, down to the date of the present census. The decrease had not commenced at the time when the sovereignty of the Crown of England was established in 1840, but dated back as far as 1830. The report showed that there was a great want of fecundity on the part of the females; extraordinary inequality of the sexes among the non-adult population, in an inverse order to that obtained in other countries not influenced by immigration; extreme mortality among the children; a great paucity of births, with a rate of mortality of adults higher than any average known in temperate climates. Various causes of this decrease are alleged, and were discussed by the author. Their wars and contests, their refusal of medical aid, a taste for spirits and tobacco, uncleanness in diet, dress, and

habitations, certain European diseases, cohabitation of the females with the white population, and the improper use of European clothing are stated as causes. The author discarded the general doctrine of the disappearance of the coloured before the white race; but expressed his opinion that the decrease was mainly attributable to the consumption of improper food, such as putrid corn and salt meats, which he showed to have commenced in 1830, and to the close intermixture of blood. He also referred to the inscrutable law of nature under which, as he considered, nations as families became extinct. He suggested, as a means of arresting the decay of the race, the improvement of their social condition, by giving security and permanence to their possession of the land, and encouraging the growth of grass, so as to augment the material resources, and enable them to obtain better food and clothing. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Slaney, M.P., Dr. H. Clarke, Mr. Newmarch, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Lee, Dr. Camps, Mr. D. Chadwick, Mr. J. J. Fox, Mr. Wetton, and the Chairman took part, and, thanks having been voted to Mr. Lumley, the meeting adjourned.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—March 17th, Col. Sykes, M.P., in the chair. Professor Dowson laid before the meeting a variety of specimens of the arts and manufactures of Japan brought from Jeddo by Capt. Creagh, of the 36th Regiment, who had kindly lent them for the inspection of the society. These specimens excited a great deal of interest, not only by their excellence and novelty, but by the surprisingly low prices at which they were purchased, Capt. Creagh having been one of the first who visited Jeddo, made his purchases at something like the real price, before it was unduly raised by the demands and ignorance of foreigners. Among the articles exhibited was a cabinet beautifully inlaid with different woods; a very good telescope, which cost about eighteenpence; a small microscope, for use as a toy by children; a neat little clock, worked by a weight, which, as it descends, marks the time upon a scale forming the front of the clock. As the length of the Japanese hour differs in various seasons, the clock is furnished with a series of scales, or figure-plates, for accommodating it to these changes. The cost of this clock was nine shillings. There were several specimens of illustrated books, the woodcuts of which were very neatly executed, and exhibited a good knowledge of perspective, as well as drawing. Also, a large number of prints in colours, somewhat roughly executed, but spirited. These are sold at an exceedingly low rate, and show that the art of printing in colours is well-known, and commonly used in Japan. The paper used for pocket-handkerchiefs, and various other kinds of paper, attracted a good deal of notice for their fineness and extreme tenacity of fibre. There was likewise a very showy fabric, the wool of which was of silk, and the warp of gilded and coloured papers, forming an excellent material for the decoration of rooms, tents, &c. These, and many other articles, attracted much attention, and drew forth some interesting observations from the President and other members. The special thanks of the meeting were voted to Capt. Creagh for his kindness in sending the articles for inspection, and to Professor Dowson for his lucid account of these rare specimens of Japanese skill.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, March 27th. Professor Busk, F.S.A., in the chair. Mr. T. H. Stewart made some remarks upon the peculiarities of the interior lining of the stomach of the male Red Potamichthys, which had lately died in the society's gardens. Mr. I. Petherick read some memoranda on the Hippopotamus, and the two examples of the *Baleniceps rex*, which he had lately imported into England from the Soudan, giving notes upon the habits and mode of life of the latter. Mr. Petherick had raised these birds at Wharctoun, from eggs taken by his party out of nests on the Bahr el Gazal, where the *Baleniceps* is by no means unfrequent. Dr. Crisp exhibited under the microscope, and made some remarks upon, the blood corpuscles of the Gigantic Salamander (*Sieboldia maxima*), commenting upon their large size and other peculiarities, and comparing them with those of

other Amphibians. The Secretary exhibited eggs of the Apteryx (*A. Mantelli*), and of the King Vulture (*Gyparchus papa*), laid in the Society's menagerie. Papers were communicated by Dr. W. Baird on new Entomotracheans of the genus *Cyridina*; by Mr. A. Adams on the Fox of Japan; and by Mr. H. Adams on a new genus and species of Mollusk, of the family *Corbulidae*. Mr. Petherick exhibited the head and horns of a rare Antelope from the Soudan. Mr. Monteiro exhibited a specimen of a Paugolin (*Manis multiscutata*), which he had found abundant at Bembe, in Angola, and made some remarks on its habits.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—March 27th, 1860. George P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair. The paper read was on "Combined Steam," by the Hon. John Wethered, U.S.

It was stated that, at the present day, the great desideratum in marine engines appeared to be to obtain increased power, or economy in the consumption of fuel, without the commercial disadvantage of occupying more space by the enlargement of the boilers and machinery. This object, it was believed, had been attained by the application of ordinary and superheated steam mixed. The mode adopted in carrying out this system was to attach another steam-pipe to the boiler for conveying the steam to be superheated to pipes, or other contrivances, placed in any convenient form near the fire, or in the uptake or chimney of the boiler, or in a separate furnace; the superheated being added to the ordinary steam at, or before its entrance into, the cylinder. In its passage through the superheating apparatus, that portion of the steam was raised by the waste heat to a temperature of 500 deg. or 600 deg. Fahrenheit. The heat thus arrested was conveyed to, and utilised in the cylinder, by its action on the other portion of steam from the boiler, which was more or less saturated, according to circumstances. The combined steam was used in the cylinder at from 300 deg. to 450 deg. Fahrenheit, instead of at the low temperature at which steam was generally employed. The effect of using the two kinds of steam was, that the superheated steam yielded a portion of its excess of temperature to the ordinary steam, converting the vesicular water, which it always contained, into steam, and expanding it several hundredfold; whilst at the same time the ordinary steam yielded a portion of its excess of moisture, converting the steam-gas into a highly rarefied elastic vapour—in other words, into pure steam at a high temperature.

It was asserted that repeated endeavours had been made, in England, France, and America, to employ steam simply dried, or superheated, and as often abandoned. This plan certainly resulted in partial economy; but, owing to the high degree of temperature necessary in this case, the lubricating materials were dried up, and then the packing and rubbing parts of the machinery were destroyed. Moreover, when all the steam was superheated, the temperature of the steam in the cylinder was beyond the control of the engineer. It was this difficulty which had led to the discovery of the system of employing mixed steam, which was entirely under control; for, by merely turning a valve, it could be so regulated as to produce the highest mechanical effect with the most perfect lubrication to the slides and cylinders. Another advantage was that, if any accident should happen to the superheating apparatus, the cylinders could still be supplied with plain steam alone.

A series of trials on board the R.M.S.S. *Avon* had shown that, the pressure in the boiler being in all cases the same, with plain steam the result was 1070 I.H.P.; with the steam from three boilers superheated and from the fourth plain, it was 1076 I.H.P.; while with the steam mixed in the proportions of 61 superheated and 69 plain, 1200 I.H.P. was produced. The Lords of the Admiralty were stated to be so well satisfied with the results of experiments continued over twenty voyages, that they had determined to extend the application of the system in the Royal

Navy, and H.M.S.S. *Rhadamanthus* had been ordered to be fitted with it. Mr. A. C. Hobbs (Assoc. Inst. C.E.) had applied it to a high-pressure boiler and engine, and Mr. Dorman had adapted it to an engine which did not produce the required power. The combined steam was also used in all the steamers of the Collins line. Experiments on board the *Gibraltar* showed that superheated steam, at a pressure on the boiler of 10lbs., produced 222 I.H.P.; ordinary steam at 14lbs. pressure, 307 I.H.P.; while combined steam, at 15lbs. pressure, gave 376 I.H.P.

When steam was nearly superheated or dried, it was converted into steam-gas. It consequently partook of the nature of gas; was a bad conductor of heat and gave out with difficulty the heat necessary to transform it into mechanical power; on the other hand, mixed steam participated in the qualities of steam proper and of superheated steam; and being a pure, highly-rarefied vapour, which readily parted with its heat, thus produced greater mechanical effect.

By the application of combined steam the following advantages, among others, were said to be obtained:—1° An economy of fuel of from 30 to 50 per cent. 2° A diminution of one-third in the feed-water. 3° The employment of smaller boilers to produce the same power. 4° Facility of maintaining any desired pressure, or of increasing it at will, in cases of emergency. 5° A steamer would make a voyage one-third further with the same weight of coals, or one-third the space now occupied by the fuel might be used for freight. 6° Less risk of explosion. 7° Boilers would last one-third longer. 8° A better vacuum was obtained. And 9° One-third less injection water was required.

It was announced that the discussion which had been commenced would be resumed at the next meeting, Tuesday, April 3rd, when the monthly ballot for members would take place. Also, that at this meeting a resolution would be proposed to adjourn for a fortnight, in order to avoid holding a meeting on Easter Tuesday.

**NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.**—March 22nd, 1860, W. S. W. VAUX, President, in the chair. The honourable J. Leicester Warren and George Worms, Esq., were duly elected members. Mr. Poole read a paper "On two coins of Polyrhennium and Priansus, in Crete, preserved in the British Museum"—both of which are very rare, and the latter, probably, unique—in which he pointed out the peculiar interest attaching to the coinage of this island, as one of the most ancient homes of Greek civilisation, and that they cast a remarkable light upon its early greatness, with many new facts for the reconstruction of its later annals, which have been imperfectly related by classical writers. They show that Crete had a special medallie school of its own, probably representing the style of its famous artists, of whose works, though history has not been wholly silent, we have, nevertheless, no certain remains. And this, indeed, is what we should expect from what we know of Greek art generally, each separate great state or colony exhibiting a pure and comprehensive style of art, worthy of comparison, indeed, with that of the Elgin marbles—yet by no means the uniform representation of one mind. In style the Cretan coins display the same love of truth and purity and breadth of treatment as the best Greek works of their class; they have, however, one peculiarity which markedly separates them from the coins of all other regions of the Greek world, in that their treatment is a pictorial rather than a sculptural one—proving their artists were not aware of the forms and types fit for the surface of a coin, or of the proper method of representing them; of this, the well-known type of Europa seated in the tree on the coins of Gortyna is an excellent example. The oldest Cretan coins are probably about the time of the invasion of Xerxes, the medium of commerce having been, most likely, before this period, the drachms of Ægina and the staters of Cyzicus. From Egyptian authorities we know that it was a prosperous island as early as the twelfth and thirteenth century B.C.

**HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—A special general meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, March

27th, at the house of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, for the purpose of electing various candidates who had been proposed for the Fellowship, the Earl of Ducie, V.P., in the chair, when the following ladies and gentlemen were elected Fellows, viz.: Mr. Samuel Ainsworth; Joseph Angell, Esq.; T. R. Au'djo, Esq.; M. J. Ernst Benary; Thomas Brassey, Esq.; John Campbell, Esq.; Colin Minton Campbell, Esq.; William Cooper, Esq.; Edmund Coulthurst, Esq.; Miss A. G. Burdett Coutts; J. Lewis Etherington Curt, Esq.; Mrs. C. Z. Dresden; the Countess of Ducie; Lord Moreton; Lady Constance Moreton; Henry East, Esq.; Henry William Eaton, Esq.; John Edward Errington, Esq.; Thomas Fairbairn, Esq.; Mrs. Fenwick; Chas. J. Freake, Esq.; Mrs. C. J. Freake; Thomas G. Freake; Major Gammell; Wm. H. P. Goore, Esq.; Captain W. Gray, M.P.; Joseph Watts Hallowell, Esq.; Lieutenant-Colonel Hogg; Stephen George Holland, Esq.; Alex. J. B. Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P.; Lady Mildred Beresford Hope; Mrs. Stroud Lincoln; Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P.; Samuel Morley, Esq.; Mr. William James Nutting; Miss Anne Porter; Miss Edith B. Pringle; Miss Eleanor H. M. Pringle; Miss Emily G. V. Pringle; Rev. Thomas Randolph; Mrs. Roberts; Miss Sophia Rowland; Alexander William Rowland, Esq.; Samuel Scriven, Esq.; Colonel F. H. Turner; Thomas Spencer Wells, M.D.; Mrs. Weston; Miss Mary Weston; Miss Helen Elizabeth Weston; Mrs. White; Mrs. A. Zanzi. The Chairman announced that the next meeting for the election of Fellows would be on Tuesday, 17th April, 1860.

**SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.**—March 22nd, O. Morgan, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Mr. P. C. Hardwick, Colonel C. F. Cator, Mr. E. P. Shirley, M.P., and Mr. R. R. Holmes were elected Fellows. The Rev. T. Jones exhibited an episcopal gold ring, found at Grosmount, Monmouthshire; also a hooped ring with a posy, found at Lynn. Mr. Hart exhibited a deed of the year 1390, by which the abbot of the Monastery of SS. Sergius and Bacchus nominated a prior for Swavesey Priory, in Cambridgeshire. Mr. Woodward read further notes in illustration of the *Liber Winton*.

**ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—A meeting of this society, numerous attended, was held on Monday evening, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Vice-President, in the chair.

The papers read were:—

1. Dr. Livingstone on Lakes Nyinyesi, or Nyassa and Shirwa, Eastern Africa, communicated by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, F.R.G.S. The Doctor and his party traced the River Shiré up to its point of departure from Lake Nyinyesi, or Nyassa, and found that there are only thirty-three miles of cataract to be passed above the Murchison cataract, when the river becomes smooth again, and continues so right into the lake in lat. 14°25' deg. S. Dr. Livingstone observes, "We have opened a cotton and sugar-producing country of unknown extent, and while it seems to afford reasonable prospects of great commercial benefits to our own country, it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave market on the east coast, and offers a fairer hope of its extirpation by lawful commerce than our previous notion of the country led us to anticipate." There is a channel from five to twelve feet, at all seasons of the year, from the sea at Kongone to Murchison cataract, a distance of about 200 miles; and the Doctor is of opinion that but little labour would be required to construct a common road past the cataracts. The adjacent region is divided into three well-defined terraces. The valley of the Shiré, the lowest, is from 1200 to 1500 feet above the sea-level; the second, to the east of this, is about four miles broad, and averages 2000 feet; while the third, still further east, and ten or twelve miles broad, is over 3000 feet at its western edge, and is bounded on the east by Lake Shirwa and a range of lofty mountains. On this terrace rises Mount Zomba, estimated at 7000 feet above the level of the sea. The climate naturally varies, according to the elevation of the land; and while the Shiré valley was sultry and oppressive, the atmosphere became



milder on the second terrace, where every mile or two a running rill of deliciously cool water was crossed; and on the third—equally well supplied with water—the air was cold, and on the top of Zomba bitterly so. Dr. Livingstone believes that cottons of the dearest kinds would flourish in these regions. Beyond Zomba the land contracts into a narrow isthmus between the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa. The length of the former lake is ninety miles; but that of the latter is undetermined, though the natives state that it continues a long way to the north, and then “turns round to the sea.” The above-mentioned lakes lying parallel with the sea, all the trade, lawful and unlawful, from the interior, must cross the Shiré at certain fords. In several of the districts traversed the slave trade was rife. A notice of the leading features and of the capabilities of the country is contained in the paper, while the communication accompanying it from Mr. Charles Livingstone, describes more particularly the habits and customs of the natives.

The Chairman and Captain Speke having offered some remarks,

Consul Petherick, in reference to Captain Speke's observations in connection with his proposed expedition, explained the difference between the tribes to the north and those to the south of the Equator, as well as the difficulties that existed in the way of a march down the Nile in the face of inveterately hostile tribes, which, in the absence of any knowledge of their language and customs, he considered altogether impracticable. Moreover, unless Captain Speke happened to arrive at Bellignan, on the Nile, in December or January, he would find no boats or means of obtaining provisions, and would either have to return, and thus sacrifice the fruits of his labours, or risk perishing of starvation. Under these circumstances, he (Consul Petherick) would suggest that boats, well provisioned, and with an armed party sufficiently strong to repel any attack from the always half-famishing tribes, should be in readiness for him at the Upper Cataracts in about 3½ deg.; and the Consul expressed his willingness, provided the Government defrayed the absolute outlay, independently of any personal remuneration, to supply the provisions, &c., and, at all hazards, to lend him any assistance that an experience of five years of the tribes and a knowledge of their language would enable him to afford.

2. Baron de Bode: “Sketches of the Hilly Daghestan, with Lesghi Tribes of the Eastern Chain of the Caucasus,” communicated by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, M.D., F.R.G.S. This paper comprises an interesting account of the country and scenes through which the Baron passed, with the character of the people with whom he came in contact during his recent trip to the shores of the Caspian.

General Monteith having made some observations on the changes which the country must have undergone since he visited it some forty years previously, the meeting was adjourned to the 23rd April.

**MULTIPLICATION OF OIL PICTURES.**—M. Meresse has recently explained to the *cercle* in Paris a wholesale method of making oil-pictures, founded upon a facility with which oil-colours pass through fine tissues. After painting over the parts of a piece of stretched muslin through which he wishes the colour to pass, he renders the rest of the tissue impervious by a solution of gelatine thickened with zinc-white. By arranging a separate piece of muslin for each colour or tone, he obtains an effect like successive printings from lithographic plates; and the pictures so produced can be touched up and finished with a brush.

**MICROSCOPIC BODIES IN SNOW.**—We learn from the *Photographic News* that Professor Pouchet of Rouen has examined snow which fell near that city, for the purpose of discovering what substances it swept down with it from the atmosphere. The snow was placed under a glass and allowed to thaw, and on the surface of the water thus obtained, or

precipitated from it, were plenty of “smuts,” a number of starch grains, some of which were coloured blue, as if already acted upon by iodine, a few diatoms, and a very small number of remains of infusoria. After many hundred observations, he failed to discover eggs of animals, or spores of vegetables, except two eggs of infusoria and two spores of *lycoperdon*.

## FINE ARTS.

## ART IN EDINBURGH.

As there seem to be varieties of hand-shaking in the social, so there are varieties of reviewing in the literary world: the shake courteous, the review courteous, the shake friendly, the review friendly, the shake disparaging, the review disparaging; consequently we fear that, in our examination of this year's pictures in the Scottish Academy, our minds must undergo these three states of feeling. For there are paintings that we must shake hands with courteously, inasmuch as there is a certain nobility of genius hanging about them: then those few that we would treat as friends, for they look down from the wall so honestly and kindly at us, suggestive of good feeling and a genial temperament—and then there are those *mauvais sujets* of art that hang about in a most reckless, devil-me-care style, setting terrible examples to young brushes—No, no, my good fellows, you must be given the shake disparaging, there's no help for it; besides, consider the principle of the thing! Well, let us take a quiet walk round the walls of the Academy. Its light is coming silently but powerfully in, touching hill-tops, and gilding valley-rills, making darkness visible in some deep glen, and brooding gracefully over seas at rest; and here and there it will fall reproachfully on unmeaning blots and careless splashes, as it would say, “What do you here, you busy liars?” Up to the present we fear we have said little to the point; but one must come gradually to this difficult task of reviewing justly yet generously, and so the mind of the writer, as well as that of the reader, must be prepared successively as it were. Let us saunter up to 301, as it is a conspicuous picture, and looks good—“Loch Achray,” by Horatio Macculloch. A quiet summer's morning, with lights of uncertain sunshine peeping in and out of deeply-clefted hills, that frown over a placid lake; green and grey-green undulations of forest clothe the feet of the hills, and throw rounded shadows in the quiet waters; a happy gleam of sunshine on some brown colour to the right shows that the woods are accessible, and that, as the day is fine—though there are some treacherous clouds looking over the shoulders of that purple hill, so let us stay nearer home—a long triad of moor-fowl skim over the surface of the water, and a few contemplative cows are taking their “mornings.” Everything is suggestive of great repose, and we are thankful for it. We look on this picture as a kind of schoolboy's whole holiday, and enjoy it accordingly. This feeling of repose is evidently the idea of the picture, and is well carried out. The colours are harmonious and very true; the handling masterly. There is no straining after the miraculous, no prodigies, no fire-work skies or untidy foliage, but “one touch of nature” throughout the picture. That's as much as may be said, so let's pass on to the next lot (428), “George Buchanan translating the Psalms,” by James Drummond. A bright-eyed man with a massive forehead and a determined brow is sitting at a table strewn with papers and piled with vellum-paged folios. The man is turning eagerly to a huge book on a lectern close at hand; his veins are swollen with the constancy of his labours. One sandal has been kicked hastily off in the excitement of the moment, for he has worn the night through with toil, and the light that breaks in at the open lattice on the left is the first grey light of early morning. On the right of the picture is a dirty, dingy little bit of wickedness: three or four monks have been making a very different night of it. The candles have guttered nearly down to the sockets, and throw a sickly gleam on the helplessness of these sainted debauchees—*Vino fatigatque somno*. This is a powerful bit of moral chiaroscuro—the health and energy of the translator, the overpowerment of the

monks, the glorious light of day, the flickering and smoke of the candle—no moral is meant, but one is given; or, rather, no moral is obtruded or thrust on one. The drawing is excellently well; the accessories admirable; the colouring good, though not powerful. This picture would engrave well, and we should like to see it multiplied through the medium of Cousen's burin.

There are some good names that have been but poorly represented this year. Of two would we take especial note, Noel Paton and Robert Scott Lauder. Both have won fame, and deservedly, for they have the seeing eye and the busy hand, both are good colourists, both good draughtsmen; and yet this sovereign and most noble reason that they mutually possess is “like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.” We are sorry for Scott and we are grieved for the men themselves. Noel Paton sends a few nymphs lightly clad under impossible skies, finished to death, and some very unimpressive sacred scenes—the drawing of a dead Christ would disgrace a first year student—and we look in vain for the mellowed tones of the grand old masters whom he has vainly tried to imitate; and yet he can colour. Why does he choose to do so intermittently? He surely is not a chameleon. And Lauder, (232) “Elaine,” Tennyson's “Lily-maid of Astolat.” We only hope Mr. Lauder won't take a trip to the Isle of Wight, and send his card into the Poet Laureate at Freshwater—ill news flies a pace, and the result of the visit might be unfavourable. Instead of a “Lily-maid,” we have a housemaid kneeling before a blotchy-looking shield which she has apparently dusted with a variegated handkerchief from India. The housemaid has arrayed herself in her young missus' things, and is a trifle too stout for them. But this artist has given us a clever study of a head, hardly a portrait. It brings back the richness of Titian's portraits in some degree, though there is a want of diversity in colour; but it is a gem to the falsehood respecting “Elaine.”

658. The “Minnow Fishers,” by C. Vintour. Children dangling bare legs over the gates of a lock, and looking out for the cork of a beer-bottle to be “convulsed,” a succession of pasture land, dotted with peaceful cows, brightened by a distant tower with sun full on its white side; gleams of yellow suggesting corn-fields in blue die-away horizon; a bright blue sky high over head, fleecy clouds to break it, and some very well-painted trees to shade the young Waltonians. This picture reminds us of one of Constable's bright days, with here and there a touch of Harding. The scene is well chosen, boldly and truthfully treated. We hope Mr. Vintour won't relapse into the faithful and photographic delineation of a haystack. This picture is a silent reproach to its neighbour (No. 664), “Béarnais Sheepfold,” Vallée d'Aspe, Basses Pyrénées, by Edward Hargitt. One has chosen a quiet home-subject, with quiet trees and fields, and has treated it simply, truthfully, and well; the other has wandered amongst the Pyrenees, and cut out angular rocks with a coloured graver, not a brush. Everything is angular and harsh about the picture: the timber in the foreground is spiked, and the hand would be wounded by touching this bit of the canvas; the colours are angular, so to say, for they do not blend as a fraternity, but hang out hostile flags to one another. Mr. Hargitt must have been looking through a kaleidoscope before he painted this picture, and has produced its angles with great effect. The perspective is very indifferent—no gradation from the foreground timbers to the wall of brick-coloured hill; and this subject, which might have been impressive from its grandeur, is painful from its dwarfish treatment.

There is one point to which we should particularly wish to draw attention, namely, that there is a great absence of good water-colour drawings in the Scottish Academy. How is this? And why is this? Are there not many talented painters in oils? And why should they confine their efforts to the use of one pigment? Surely the manipulative difficulties cannot frighten them, judging from the pre-Raffaellite minuteness of many of this year's paintings; and if water-colours are now more attended to, there would be more out-door sketches made, and consequently truer pictures; fewer studio sunsets, gentler distances, truthful foregrounds. These are

important points in pictures, and that fearfully-abused yet highly-discerning animal the public would very soon find praise for the change, and change for the praise. There is a common cry, "Ah! water-colour art is not patronised in Edinburgh—that's why it is not cultivated." Nonsense, say at once, "Swipes are not patronised in Lord B.'s house—that's why the taste for Bass's pale ale is not cultivated." No; the fact is, the drawings are so bad, nobody will buy them. We may allow with reason they are the neglected swipes; but that is no reason why good drawings should not be made, and patrons enough will be found—the Bass will again be imbibed.

Why should England carry off the palm in this particular branch of art?—for at present it undoubtedly does. The French are quite ignorant of it; and when some drawings by John Lewis and David Cox went over to France, there was a great uplifting of the hands, the air was heavy with *mon dieux*, showers of pamphlets on the surprising art of water-colour drawing rained down, and for once in their lives the French acknowledged the English superiority in art.

Is Scotland too weak, or too poor, or too idle, or too fearful, or too proud, or too what? She has sent out great men, very divinely-gifted men, one that can give the forms of the ever-shifting waves, as they run to their death on some grim iron-bound coast; greater than Vandeveld, one who leads us into the hush of the fane, such as Solomon's might have been, with rich tracteries "carved so curiously, carved with figures strange and sweet, all made out of the carver's brain." With solemn lights and shadows, resting like troops of angels on altar, font or shrine—greater than Neefs. Are these examples of her weakness, or want of energy? We think not. Then, perhaps, some might raise such an objection as the following. "Every man has a speciality, or ought to have—let him keep to it." Well, to this we say, the artist's speciality is painting, but it does not confine his efforts to one medium. Was not Turner equally facile, and equally rare in water-colour as in oil? Harding and Bright, are they weak and watery in their oil-paintings, or thick and heavy in their water-colour drawings? Let a school of water-colour art be founded in Edinburgh, and let Macculloch, Brugh, and Vintour set a good example by exhibiting something in this neglected pigment.

Portraits are plentiful as blackberries, but most of them are miserable failures. Let us look at the exceptions to this rule: Macnee sends us the portrait of a lady—don't expect jewels and lace, with uncomfortable twists and crescents of hair—but a quiet, thoughtful face, looking right out of the canvas; a modest grey dress—the owner of it is seated at needlework, and something in the distance has attracted her attention; a father, brother, or lover may be coming up the avenue. This is a fine painting. It goes beyond ordinary portrait art; it has a dramatic action attached to it, and it escapes that dreadful fault of looking as if the portrait had got to be painted. She is not displaying a finely-rounded arm, clasped by a gold bracelet—the gift of some very distinguished individual; neither does she gaze intently on a richly-bound copy of Tennyson's Poems "with the author's best compliments;" but she is sitting quietly at work, totally unconscious of herself; she does not try to win admiration, and consequently wins love with admiration.

Nos. 165, 148. Portraits of the sculptor Brodie and his wife, by Philip, are powerful bits of colour and character—the husband, bright-eyed, genial, and energetic; the wife, womanly and retiring, with a swan-like grace of neck.

Portrait of Mrs. Voddross, by William Crawford, (227). This is a very beautiful lady in a dark velvet dress, with a bloodhound for her guardian; the figure and face are as beautiful as is desirable, and there is a queenly look in the lady's eye. But she, unfortunately, is too conscious of her beauty and her presence; she knows the effect of that particular attitude and that commanding look—that is one of the faults of this picture. Another is, the white streaks and curves at the upper border of the lady's dress are awkward twirls of an overloaded brush. As lace is often worn in that portion of a dress, we suppose it is meant for an imitation of that luxury;

but, had it been otherwise, we should have thought that the lady had fallen against some newly-painted railings, and that they had made an impression on her. This is rank idleness. If the artist can catch the peach-bloom of a beautiful cheek, he can refrain from spoiling a good velvet dress. There is plenty of stuff in this painter; he can sketch well in crayon, and shows an honourable front by the side of Richmond (620), who has given us one of his beautifully ideal heads; it is a representation of Professor Syme, and we have no doubt the Professor was gratified, may we say flattered?

657. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Faed and niece, by William Fyfe. More of the two latter than the former; grand masses of rich colour flashing about the canvas. The textures admirably given, and the colours taken fire are very powerful; but there is an indescribable want of harmony about their arrangement. The grouping of the figures is good. Mrs. Faed looks on with the self-possession of a lady; the niece peers askance with the timidity of a child before company. There is one question we would ask: What is Mrs. Faed doing in her husband's studio with that gorgeous evening-dress?

149. Portrait of Clarkson Stanfield, by Daniel Macnee, realises our idea of the man: a strong body and a strong mind, one who had seen more storms than those at sea, and weathered them bravely. Somehow or other he looks as if he were standing in a gale of wind, and that his hat had blown off, but that such a trifle would not prevent his continuing the sketch in hand.

#### INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS.

"I WOULD not give five pounds for any picture here," remarked a cynical lady in our hearing. And we silently endorsed the sentiment. Of course, scores of pictures on the walls of the Portland Gallery are honestly worth that sum, and more, in the market; for Art Unions are in the land, and there is a trade demand for pictures. But for our own personal pleasure we know of various ways of investing five pounds to far better esthetic advantage. Most of the pictures, indeed, defy criticism, or even remembrance. One pea-green landscape makes no more lasting impression on the mental retina than another. Scores of smooth-faced models, with bare legs and red petticoats, jostle in one's mind, and produce inextricable confusion; and we forget on which canvas such and such a model pretends to be a country girl, or to have a "first misgiving," or to be "resting in the wood," or to be at her "toilet," or — Who believes in the business any of these ladies are affecting to transact?

We will take the pictures for what they are, not test them by any higher than an *Art-Union* standard. These are pictures made to sell, and not to teach. Mr. F. Smallfield, the new member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and one of the very few painters here of any genuine artistic accomplishment, sends two pleasing little pieces. "A Wintery Walk" (4) is the title for a boy with game trudging through the snowy fields, and "The Middy's Presents" (376), for an interior with some graceful still life and a young lady in the midst. Mr. Dicksee's "Bashful Boy" (7) is a carefully-laboured group of a young female and her boy in her arms, both with shining faces and shining garments. Mr. R. S. Lauder's illustration of Hogg's "Queen's Wake" (40) is one of the most conspicuous pictures in the rooms. In the centre of an elaborate piece of grotto-work, a substantial young lady has laid herself down to die—an unusual proceeding in ladies of such apparently excellent *embonpoint* and health; a smudged, whitened face represents what has happened to her. Of Mr. Lauder's six other canvases, some of them landscapes, two of them scriptural—"The Breaking of Bread" and "Peter denying Christ"—silence is the kindest criticism. Of one, however, "The Last Farewell of Burns and Highland Mary" (381), let us remark, we only observed a bare-legged model on one side of a rivulet, a respectable Scottish gentleman with cloak wrapped round him on the other.

Mr. A. Rossiter's "Dancing Lesson" (56), a homely indoor group surrounding a boy holding the cloaked Italian greyhound by his fore-paws, has a certain degree of merit. The same artist's water-colour drawing, "The Little Student" (459\*), is a

really good and pretty study. Mr. Robinson's "Too Clever by Half" (61), a boy taking up the brush and going on with his father's picture while his sister holds the palette, and the gouty-bodied, middle-aged artist approaches to see what they are about, has some prosaic, vulgar *hit* in it. Burgess's "Puritan Lady" (89), is a carefully and prettily-painted study of a lady in black. The same artist has a small coarsely-painted study of a child, with a background of rock, &c., on the strength of which he or she pretends to be "A Mountain Child" (9). Mrs. E. Murray sends two of her brilliantly-painted pieces of tropical namby-pamby (in water-colours), "The Irresistible Beggar" (218), mother and child and hooded monk, and "Present of Fruit" (222). J. D. Watson's "Bit of Rusticity" (220) is a pretty study of a florid youth.

But, talking of namby-pamby, we have unwittingly passed by one very exalted sample of it. Mr. A. H. Weigall's "Medora" (50), a very tightly-clothed lady with a Book of Fashion's face, is sorrowfully drawn in a very ungraceful attitude. We fear the ragged points of those near rocks will receive her tender person. One hand she clasps in an agonised way to her smooth fair forehead, yet carefully, so as not to disarrange her elaborate *coiffure* of wavy golden hair.

Mr. J. G. Naish's scenes are in a more modern and demonstratively vigorous style, both as to theme and execution. "Rough Hands and Warm Hearts" (280) is the title for a young fisherman and fisherwoman having a little tender unspoken converse. The picture has really forcible painting, and is up to a certain point successful. The "hands," indeed, do not strike us as very rough; and the faces are too inanimate to reveal "warm hearts."

No. 346.

"'Tis the hard, grey English weather  
That breeds hard Englishmen."

is another vigorous portrait of a weather-beaten sailor in an open boat, in the midst of a sea, also *hard* in two senses. J. C. Fitzgerald's "Lost Friend" (287), a dead robin mourned by the Spirits of the Flowers, is the only picture of real fancy in the exhibition; a pretty piece of Fairy life, which it takes some time to pore into and decipher. Mr. James Hayllar contributes two pictures of well-depicted character and humorous controversy (292), two old peasants in warm discussion. "A Quiet Pipe" (8), one of the same old men smoking. W. J. Webb's "Caught" (443) is a quiet and original picture: bloodhounds sniffing at the prison-doors, and through the grated opening over which peers luckless Sambo's doleful face. Mr. C. J. Lewis sends a powerful contingent of pictures as to numbers; bits of domestic life, "cottage doors" and garden greenery. "Happy Days" (297) is the most important of these, and the best: a sitting mother tossing into the air her little one—a *happy* subject rightly treated, but with far too slovenly execution.

The landscapes muster in an over-powering proportion as to quantity, and are very level in quality. Those of Edwin Hayes are among the few of genuine merit: "View from the Needle Rocks, Howth" (47), "On the Beach, Ostend" (307), "Carrickfergus Castle, Belfast" (341). There is a monotony of character in these, in the uniformly "fresh" seas, prettily-picked-out rocks, and skies little in unison with the seas over which they stretch; but also an undeniably authentic feeling and reality. Mrs. Oliver sends several prettily-composed and prettily-coloured views. The Williamsses show like grand masters here. The best is "Life on the Heath" (83), by Alfred W. Williams; a blowy, inspiring scene of Surrey waste, and stormy sky, and struggling wayfarers. The "Hastings" (243) of G. A. Williams is a well-handled "effect" in the Williams "manner." A. W. Hunt's "Track of an Old World Glacier" (90) is a picture which the subject and the range of colour that necessitates suffice to make original and interesting. "The Dover Straits from the French Cliffs" (95) of H. W. B. Davis is a brightly-painted picture. The foreground of flowers is picked out with much beauty; and the sea dances with a shimmer of light. Among James Peel's views, those of Jersey coast-scenes (37 and 226) are the most noticeable. Mr. J. F. Herring's "Farm Stable," among others by the same hand, has much of the particular kind



of merit we are accustomed to associate with the familiar name. Among the pieces of elaborate painting of out-door still-life, now a feature in our exhibitions, deserve mention "The Deserted Home" (11)—a bird's-nest with its broken shells—of A. Finlayson; "A Hawthorn Bush" (138) of H. Moore; the "Pineapple, &c." (426) of Miss Hunt. Among the few pictures of archaeological subjects, the four of Mr. L. J. Wood are of course pre-eminent: conscientious views from fine old Norman towns; good in drawing, good in colour, and especially interesting in the themes selected.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

A WIDER range of merit and demerit is supplied by the walls of the Suffolk Street than of the Portland Gallery. The samples are still, indeed, of painting as a simply mechanical art—as merely mechanical, and not so useful as cabinet-making or upholstery, which also can be, and have been, *fine arts*. The Portland Gallery is the Paradise of the Academy's victims. *There* every picture is well hung; and we see what degree of merit, such as we are accustomed to glance at amid the enchantment of distance in Trafalgar Square they really possess; and many a benevolent hallucination is rudely dispelled. In Suffolk Street less equal justice is accorded to outsiders; leaving, however, not much to be complained of. *This* is the shady refuge of those who, in early life, would not submit to Nature's wholesome and indispensable discipline of *injustice*. The trial, like every other, has its end sooner or later, if you will wait for it, and will leave you all the wiser and stronger man and artist. The leaders of this society would not wait; and are hopeless mannerists within their special limited range for their pains. Meanwhile, "Thank God! there is an Art Union!" they exclaim.

The present is, on the whole, a good exhibition—for Suffolk Street. Among the freshest-looking, most genuine pictures on the line are the landscapes of V. Cole—Surrey scenes of inexhaustible loveliness in themselves not unworthily treated. Of these we have "Spring-time" (16); "Harvest-time at Holmby Hill" (106); "Young Corn and Clover in June" (306), the foreground of which is beautiful in varied delicacy and brightness of tint; "The Path through the Thicket" (630), in which the tender foliage is admirably made out; and "A Mill-pond in Evelyn Wood" (668), rich in green wealth of rushes and foliage. Mr. West's Norwegian scenes have an originality as to subject and a reality of treatment which render them refreshing points in the exhibition. These pine-clad solitudes, gleaming, tranquil fiords, and stair-like rocky precipices have an eloquent grandeur we rarely encounter amid the ordinary level of contemporary landscape. "On the Fjord at Dale" (220) is the most impressive of these. Among the same artist's English scenes, the best is "Fishing-boats off Lundy Island" (492), the leading feature of which is the grand mass of island-rock. Still keeping to the landscapes, among which are comprised the best pictures in the exhibition, the Berkshire scenes of Mr. Gosling are very attractive. In "Summer on the Thames" (234), the calm, silvery waters on which the water-lilies float, the noble embosoming trees which shelter the cottage at the water's edge, form a picture of tranquil beauty which diffuses an influence on the mind as we gaze. Next to it must be mentioned "Wyatt's Ferry on the Thames" (269), and "A Corn-field, looking over the Village of Wargrave" (346).

After this pleasant breath of Nature, let us turn to the figure-pieces. Of Mr. Hurlstone's grand historical composition, on the too-familiar theme, "Margaret of Anjou and the Prince of Wales with the Robbers in the Wood" (179), what shall we say? Well, that it is not painted in a mere trading spirit. There is much that is commendable in composition and colour, &c., in an orthodox, obvious way; but little to interest one. And, oh! those wooden-headed "robbers!" Mr. Hurlstone's other contributions are portraits, but portrait handled with an artistic intention, fulfilment of which is not wholly missed. "Portraits of the Sons of Captain Lowther" (30), and "The Daughters of Sir William Eden" (58)—portraits of children in undress—are

high in aim and feeling, if nowise satisfying the reminiscences of certain great masters they evoke. "Portrait of Mrs. Tollemache" (212), aims at less, and (proportionately) satisfies us more. The large full-length "Portrait of Captain Hopwood," in his shooting-dress (118), the dogs by Ansdell, is an unaffected, manly, and honest production, and may take its place as one of the best portraits we are likely to see this season at any exhibition.

By its position, size, and gaiety of tint, Mr. Salter claims marked attention for his "First Interview of King Charles and Henrietta Maria," or "Union of the Rose and the Lily" (119). It is a union—roseate, lily, and other hues; is quite a bouquet of gay dresses. The elegantly-slashed green silk suit of the king and his pearl ear-rings quite eclipse the toilette of the kneeling Henrietta. As for the faces of the well-attired party, or her simpering one—the king's spongy affability, and the Duke of Buckingham's moustachioed glare—it would be as cruel to criticise them as those of the figures on a Twelfth-night cake. Our artist's "Shylock and Jessica" (225) is a still more in-artistic composition, also reminding one of Twelfth-night art. An amply-bearded vagabond model is frowning strenuously with a "pity-the-poor-blind" aspect; against his breast leans the doll-like head of a dwarf young lady, which recalls very early eras of the art. Mr. Cobbett's is more vigorous and artist-like nobby-pamby. From him we have no less than seven effective studio-inventions—ably-drawn, brightly-coloured, female peasants, such as were never seen in "Wales," or any other country, in loose-fitting dresses of a make unknown off a painter's canvas. "A Welsh Scene" (167), "Helping Baby over the Stile" (241), "A Wreath of Wild Flowers" (299), "Girl Knitting" (412), "A Rustic Ride" (470), are variations of title for the same stock in trade. Sometimes it is one strapping lass, with face idealised into prettiness of a conventional pattern, with robust ankles, to represent rusticity, and "broadly" treated parti-coloured garments; sometimes it is two; sometimes three; and now and then a bright-red, doll-like infant is between them. All this, "effectively" painted, makes very marketable ware. We have only two scenes this year, drawn from the artist's old familiar department of Brittany peasant-life. They are slight but quiet, and even natural compared with his new and purely factitious style of subject. In the "Flower on the Window-sill" (73), of Mr. T. Roberts—a young city girl bending over the modest flower she nurses in the window-sill of her gloomy court—there is more reality; a certain modesty of treatment and conscientiousness; nay, something very like human feeling. An Art-Union subscriber may do worse than buy such a picture. The same painter's "Shadow on the Wall" (110)—a boy artist at his first effort—is a very old story; but the painting of it is firm, careful, and good.

If Mr. Woolmer's name be mentioned, any exhibition-goer can mentally paint the pictures *he*, of course, supplies—the same now as ten years ago. Flimsy ladies, partially attired, far too little tangible to be voluptuous, enact their parts in flimsy boudoirs, or on flimsy moonlit terraces, the artist showing a certain artistic gift of touch and feeling for colour, exciting, in its arrested development and long-ago-confirmed mannerism, regrets that even that much natural gift wasted and misapplied. At one time the title is, of course, taken from the "Merchant of Venice" (15), at another, "Lucy Ashton" (153), at another, "The Serenade" (357), at another, "The Gondola" (565). But why run over the familiar rôle? Much more vigorous and honest work, if somewhat prosaic, are Mr. G. Cole's large animal pieces. Among the best are "A Home in Carnarvonshire" (36), a crowded and forcibly-rendered group of horses and cattle, of which picture, as of the artist's others, the subsidiary portions are the feeblest painted. And again, "A Welsh Interior, with Sheep and Donkey" (203); and "Denizens of the Mountains"—sheep, of course (423). Mr. J. P. Pettitt, in his "Sunset" (174), and other landscapes, duly supplies us, as of old, with the gleam "that never was on sea or land." We will say nothing about "The Consecrated" and "The Poet's Dream." And perhaps we, for the present, have said enough about the society's exhibition and its leading

points. We will not, however, delay a word of praise for Mr. Herbert Wilson's studies of an "Italian Girl" (165), with her earnest, melancholy beauty, and of an "Italian Boy" (245). These show a purity of painting and an earnest feeling which are refreshing amid so much surrounding glare and grimace.

**FINE ART GOSSIP.**—The anniversary dinner of the Artists General Benevolent Institution takes place to-day, at the Freemasons' Tavern; Mr. Gladstone in the chair.

The Marchese P. Selvatico, formerly Director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, has given in his emphatic adhesion to the genuineness of the *Moore-Raphael*, and has expressed himself warmly as to its beauty and fine state of preservation.

During the last two days Messrs. Christie and Manson have been selling the entire collection of Mr. Linton's landscape pictures and studies, above 300 in number, and including some of this classic-minded artist's compositions.

On Thursday evening the Society of Artists and Amateurs gave its third *conversazione* for the season at Willis's Rooms. Among the objects of special interest were a very fine landscape of Dawson's, "Passing the Lock;" a fine Linnell, "Harvest Moon;" Turner's magical drawing of Heidelberg; one of J. F. Lewis's Oriental drawings; the "Broken Vows" of Calderon; the "Dogberry giving his Charge" of Marks; the "Brighton and Back" of Rossiter; also two admirable specimens of the French school; "The Toilet" (one ragged urchin assisting to set to rights the other) of Mrs. Henrietta Browne; and one of Edouard Frère's bits of domestic—a boy running through the snow; two of Girtin's modestly truthful, yet jejune drawings, showed what water-colour painting was in Turner's youth; two graceful and tender pencil sketches of heads by Lawrence were there to remind one why that once famous painter gained a reputation. Among the portfolios, by far the most notable was that of F. Smallfield's conscientious and graphic studies from Nature, inanimate and animate—full of reality and earnestness.

#### THE DRAMA.

PERHAPS, within the recollection of man—we are stating a fact which will lay us open to correction by the P.-R. Brethren—there never was a fight which occasioned such intense interest as that which is to take place, at some unknown date, between an American invader and the Englishman who holds the champion's belt. It has already caused a commotion in the drawing-rooms of society; it has occasioned a rich stream of eloquence in the House of Commons; more than one pulpit has fulminated against it; it has long been the absorbing subject of the public-house club and the servants' hall; and now it has projected itself upon the stage, and astonishes us from the boards of a fashionable theatre. At the OLYMPIC, too late in last week for us to notice it, a farce from the pens of Messrs. M. Williams and F. C. Burnand, called by the enigmatic title of "B. B.," gave Mr. Robson occasion to throw the house into such peals of laughter as have not been heard therein for some time. As an adventurous and somewhat timorous cockney, travelling gent, or agent, Mr. Benjamin Bobbins (Mr. Robson), travels into the wilds of Yorkshire, and at an inn there, kept by Mrs. Puncheon (Mrs. Stephens), assisted by Dorothy (Mrs. W. S. Emden), is taken (by his initials) for the Benicia Boy. This mistake is indulged in with much pertinacity, and boots and maid, squire and friend, turn out to behold the adventurous prize-fighter who is to win the belt from the champion. Of course, upon this mistake hangs all the fun of the farce. Mr. Benjamin Bobbins modestly disclaims the blushing honours thrust upon him. He objects to eating raw beef and water-gruel for supper, and objects especially to a set-to with an old P.-R. B., or prize-ring brother, Mr. Bob Rattles (Mr. H. Wigan). The farce was completely successful; so much so, that on Thursday night it was transported to the Theatre Royal, COVENT GARDEN, there to be played in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College.

Following out his old ideas, and his very old

French fashion, and endeavouring to picture a now-exploded state of society, Colonel Addison has produced another farce, called "No. 117, Adelphi," the only merit of which is that it introduces Mrs. Keeley. In Colonel Addison's new, or old farce, one gentleman persists in running after another gentleman's wife, and gets somewhat baffled, and finally brought all right by the agency of *Betsy Prim* (Mrs. Keeley), a servant-of-all-work, rendered artistically and comically enough. Still the farce is objectionable, and its peccant humour is not at all redeemed by the style of its writing.

Another new piece, called the "Star of the Street," adorns the boards of the *Adelphi*, and bolsters up the flagging attractions of the Wigans and "Paper Wings." It is from the pen of the veteran Mark Lemon, but possesses little merit. The plot falls somewhat after this manner:—The proprietor of a Punch and Judy show, *Mr. Septimus Scratchel* (J. L. Toole), is indebted to his landlady for the exact sum of eight-and-fourpence. We do not know why we are so exact in the sum; possibly because the wit of the piece was not sufficient to enable us to carry away anything else. The fun (?) of it, and we are obliged to query the word as we write it, consists of a certain jealousy, absurdity, and antics indulged in by the *dramatis personæ*. *Mr. Scratchel*, being in want of the above sum, is relieved by a very fast young fellow, *Frank Finch* (Mr. Billington), who is in love with *Julia Feltram* (Mrs. Laidlaw), and who gives the showman the usual stage five pounds for permission to play the Pandean pipes for his show. Under this disguise the lover plays before his mistress's house, and so charms the father, that he allows the marriage, and the happy pair rush into each other's arms at the fall of the curtain. The novelty of the piece was its only merit. It was not attractive; the actors were vigorous, but the audience were not amused.

The engagement of the Wigans has certainly not proved so successful as it should have done. Both husband and wife are very accomplished artists; but the season has been against them, and the town has boasted of many more attractions, amongst others, that of "Lurline," an opera which has attracted more than any other production of late years. *A propos* of this, the lessees, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. William Harrison, have presented Mr. Wallace with a very handsome silver tea-service, as some substantial recognition of his talents and his success.

Mr. Dillon has again appeared as *Belphegor*, and in other characters, at the *St. James's Theatre*, where, it would seem, the public have found him sufficiently attractive to induce the management to offer him a second engagement. It would be well if some of the theatres could permanently engage so successful and popular a melodramatic artist.

The entertainment given at *COVENT GARDEN*, in aid of the Royal Dramatic College, on Thursday, was most varied and rich in its programme. Messrs. Phelps, Marston, Webster, Buckstone, Keeley, Mathews, Compton, and Robson, aided by Mrs. H. Marston, Miss Glyn, Miss Woolgar, Miss Pyne, Mrs. Young, Miss Louise Keeley, and others, showed that, for a charitable purpose at least, a fine company could be got together. Would it were always so. The entertainment was, as it deserved to be, eminently successful.

#### MUSIC.

**THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The performance of Hadyn's "Seasons," with Mlle. Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, as principals, on Friday last, was one that will not soon be forgotten. This elegant *cantata*, so long laid aside as almost to have been lost sight of, had revived last year, and attracted so large an amount of consideration, not only on account of its intrinsic beauty, but because of the general excellence of its rendering, as to induce the directors to venture upon a repetition, that has been in every particular most successful, so that the work now holds a very high position in the extensive repertoire of this society. Mlle. Parepa sang so well as to enhance the good opinion she had gained by her classical interpretation of the powerful soprano part in Handel's "Judah

Maccabeus;" and Mr. Sims Reeves, although evidently suffering from bronchial affection, performed his duties to the utmost satisfaction of a large and fashionable audience. Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Weiss also sang with spirit and animation, and contributed, together with the band and chorus, to one of the best enunciations of this work that could possibly be offered, whilst M. Costa's direction showed him to be as much at home with the inspirations of Hadyn as with the grander harmonies of Handel and Mendelssohn.

**THE POPULAR CONCERT** of Monday evening was one of the very best of the present series, as all musicians must acknowledge when it is made known to them that Beethoven's glorious "Septet" and celebrated "Kreutzer Sonata" were the choice selections of the evening. It would have been impossible to have obtained a more compact or unique performance of the first work, whilst the execution of the latter in such hands as those of Mrs. J. W. Davison (A. Goddard) and Herr Becker could leave nothing to be desired. Here, however, we must pause in our expressions of satisfaction. The idea of Mr. Tennent singing "Sally in our Alley," and Miss Rowland introducing "The Oak and the Ash" can only be explained upon the principle of "there being but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

The concert of the Musical Union of Wednesday afforded, upon the whole, a pleasant *rèunion*; but was chiefly remarkable for the admirable songs of Madame Sainton-Dolby, and the violin-playing of her gifted husband. This lady, during her recent visit to Paris, gave a concert in that gay capital, and produced a sensation which is not likely to be soon forgotten. The Parisian critics, who are the most fastidious in their tastes, pronounce that they have heard no method, voice, or style so large, superb, and irreproachable as that of Madame Sainton-Dolby since Jenny Lind delighted them; whilst no terms of eulogium are too high or flattering, on their part, to express their appreciation of the classical taste which was exhibited in her singing of Haydn's "Spirit's Song," Handel's "Return, O God of Hosts," &c., &c. So delighted, indeed, are those gentlemen, that they have positively at last been induced to admit that "musical instinct may appear to be developed in England as elsewhere!" Of M. Sainton their praise is equally cordial with that most justly accorded to his amiable and accomplished lady.

The musical rage of the present moment is the Prince Poniatowski's opera, "Pierre de Medicis," produced about a fortnight since, with gorgeous *mise en scène*, &c., at L'Académie, and which, if we may believe, with a considerable reduction of discount, the exaggerated commendation which the French musical reviewers have expressed, must be a success nearly equal to that of Meyerbeer's "Robert," "Huguenots," or "Prophète." We shall be curious to learn something more of this work, and most earnestly hope that it may prove to be a mine of inspiration from the brain of the noble author, no less than of wealth to the Grand Opera of Paris, for the present, and to our own Royal Italian Opera in the future. If Mr. Gye is in want of a splendid novelty, he would not, perhaps, do ill to purchase the score of "Pierre de Medicis."

The note of preparation at Her Majesty's Theatre under Mr. E. T. Smith's direction sounds both sharp and clear; and if any augury for the prospects of the season may be obtained from the amount of embellishment going on within and without the theatre, they must, indeed, be both large and extensive. At Covent Garden no preparations are at present apparent, nor has Mr. Gye yet made any announcement beyond that of opening the theatre on April 10th. We have reason, however, to believe that this delay is no indication whatever of the approaching season being less brilliant than so many of its predecessors have already been. It is gratifying to be able to state that the patronage of Her Majesty will this year be accorded to both the opera-houses.

**MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL.**—These popular entertainers will resume their entertainment on Monday next at the *St. James's Hall*, Piccadilly, for a brief farewell season. Afterwards, Mrs. How-

ard Paul is announced to appear as the duplicate of Signor Tamberlik, instead of Mr. Sims Reeves; so that those who desire to see her extraordinary personation of this last-named artist, not having done so already, must take advantage of the opportunity now offered.

**The Theory and Practice of Composition.** By S. Barr. (J. H. De Monte, Glasgow.)—A manual for the use of students, written in a clear, simple, and practical style. We are promised a sequel, embracing the minor mode, with its attendant harmonies.

**A Manual of Psalm Tunes.** Edited by J. J. Scargill, B.A. (J. A. Novello, London.)—This is a collection of some favourite tunes in frequent use, to which are added a few new published for the first time. They are harmonised for three voices—soprano, contralto, and bass—with a view to the improvement of congregational singing in church, by a more general revival of domestic psalmody.

1. *One Passed by.* By V. Gabriel.  
2. *The Spring of Life.* By W. Hutchinson.  
3. *When the Silvery Moonbeams sleep.* By W. Hutchinson.

4. *Rain Drops.* Arranged by Mrs. R. Cooper.—(C. Hale and Sons, Cheltenham.)

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are somewhat pleasing, but possessing no great claims to beauty or originality. We only notice them to urge an attempt at something better. No. 4 is a simple, flowing melody, prettily arranged for that almost exploded instrument, the harp.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.**—Our readers will probably have noticed, in the morning papers of last week, an announcement of the establishment of a printing-office in Great Coram Street, Russell Square, in which young women only are employed. We have lately visited the office, and have reason to speak in very high terms of the whole of the arrangements. It will, perhaps, be some little time before the compositors are quite *au fait* at their business; but they are under good management, and we have no doubt of their soon becoming skilled in their new profession. The praise of this excellent work belongs, we believe, to Miss Faithfull; it is one deserving of every encouragement, and we cordially wish it success.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—During the week ending 24th March, 1860, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 4660; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 5210. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.) 1233; one students' evening, Wednesday, 478. Total, 11,581. From the opening of the museum, 1,341,268.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Number of persons admitted during the week ending Friday, March 23 (including season-ticket holders), 10,235.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, 28th March.

In the way of Catholic capitals I should take this to be the most amusing one to an observer. Just about this period of the year Catholic society in other countries—in Spain or Italy, for instance—is of far less complicated a description. The ladies of Madrid or Barcelona, of Florence, Naples, or Rome, are but tenth-rate theologians, I opine, and go to work very simply, compensating sin by superstition, in such equally-weighted proportions, that one is almost forced to smile as much at the sin as at the superstition, and one can refuse one's forgiveness to neither. But here it is a very different affair. The French Catholic woman is as practised a disputant as any learned doctor of the 16th century; and though she could not, like Mary Stuart, compose and recite a thesis on matters of faith in Latin, she has all the talent for casuistry, and all the spirit of *chicane*, which so eminently distinguished that subtle and unfortunate princess—that "born Frenchwoman," if ever there was one.

Now, when Lent succeeds to the Carnival, the Parisian belle takes things at first very quietly—



dining out, and dressing (or un-dressing, as some acrimonious people will call it!), frequenting theatres, listening to light music, and (which is quite an innovation), even dancing! But when the Thursday of the *mi-carême* has passed, then she turns round and undertakes in a practical way what "Eöthen" calls the "business of her salvation." Then out comes the casuist, and then the Parisian "faithful" are most amusing to observe. The amount of hair-splitting that goes on would not be believed, if not witnessed. The great point, of course, to attain, is the largest possible amount of religious security at the smallest possible cost; and, in driving this bargain, as in all other bargains, the Frenchwoman is as "cute" as a Yankee horse-dealer. As to genuine, serious *Christian* feeling, at this period of the year (a feeling common to *Christians* of every sect), I confess to have rarely met with a trace of it; but the theological knowledge, the familiarity displayed with "texts," and the sharpness with which they are interpreted in this sense or that—these are things which really more and more astonish and divert me, the more I see of them. You will find a group of women, between the ages of twenty and forty, busily engaged in discussing the possibility of drinking a cup of tea, or of indulging in an ice! As to cream-ices, everybody knows they represent the direct reverse of any imaginable right to Paradise! But water-ices! Upon this theme they will go on for hours, while perhaps (as I once saw it happen with my own eyes) a cardinal and bishops are gravely standing by, listening, and demurely swallowing a *glace à la cerise*! One of the peculiarities of these fair dames is to aspire to be stricter in their practices than their spiritual pastors themselves. This week is the one in which the most of all this haggling with eternal punishment is carried on; for, when once next Sunday is reached, the rest is plain sailing; you *must* then give up the world; you are in Holy Week, and there can be no further dispute about the matter. The thing to be gained, if possible, is the privilege of amusement—profane amusement—till next Sunday. There is an old joke in France about a bishop having said that champagne was *maigre*; but I have with my own ears heard, within these two days, a very formal Catholic lady assert with great solemnity, as a reason for going to the Grand Opera, that she could affirm music to be equivalent to fasting—"La musique est maigre," said she, dogmatically; and she and her "following" seemed quite satisfied therewith, and she listened to "Pierre de Médisis" with, I have no doubt, the clearest conscience in the world.

Octave Feuillet's new *drame comédie* at the Vaudeville, is also pronounced to be *maigre*; which is rather unlucky for him, and leads to equivocal interpretation, as it is a decided failure; but it is pronounced *maigre* because it is declared that the subject is a moral one.

The piece rests on the fact of its being both wrong and ill-advised that husbands should neglect their wives—a truth that M. Octave Feuillet was not wanted to teach, but the triumph whereof he may be unable to secure. *M. de Vardes* is a handsome, worldly man, who takes things as he finds them, and moralises little. He married, seventeen years back, a young girl, who is now a fine, attractive woman of five or six-and-thirty, with a daughter of sixteen. *Mme. de Vardes* is utterly left to her own devices, and of course her husband's friends try to the utmost of their ability to establish a flirtation with her. One of them is on the point of succeeding, and the tender lonely heart of *Camille* (the lady's name) is about to surrender, when a watchful cousin of *M. de Vardes* manages to interfere (without seeming to do so), and the husband's honour is secure. Another time the seducer is alone with *Mme. de Vardes*, who preaches to him, and is sending him away impressed with her resistance to temptation (for which reason the piece is called "La Tentation"), when, before leaving her, he seizes her hand, and is in the act of kissing it; at which precise moment *M. de Vardes* rushes into the room! . . . *M. de Vardes*, let it be said, is on no over-good errand himself. He is

hurrying from a ball-room into an outlying boudoir, simply because in that boudoir he expects to find a frail fair countrywoman of ours—a *belle Anglaise*!—who has flattered him into believing his attentions to her were acceptable. However, when *M. de Vardes* sees one of his friends kissing his wife's hand, he chooses to fancy there is something terribly wrong, and a provocation ensues, and a duel is fought. Just before it, takes place a most absurd and indeed inadmissible scene between *M. and Mme. de Vardes*, in which the wife is aware of the husband's impending duel, and in which the husband most melodramatically asks his fair consort whether she be "worthy to embrace her own child!" *De Vardes* proceeds to the duel with his friend with a tolerably serene mind; he gets a wound in the arm, fires in the air, and says to his antagonist, "If I do not offer you my hand, it is that you have put it out of my power to do so" (pointing to his disabled arm).

"La Tentation" is, as I said, a comparative failure. It is the first of Feuillet's comedies that has been written for the theatre, and, strange to say, it has not gained thereby. In his former pieces, adapted later to the stage (but never intended for it), there was a sort of freshness and originality, a something unusual, that produced a wonderful effect, and made the spectators think they were somewhere else than in a theatre; but in this piece (written for the stage) there is nothing of the kind—it is embarrassed, cramped, cold, and slow. It seems almost, as it were, written in a language that the writer is not familiar with. "La Tentation" is a failure.

What is not a failure is *Tamberlik*. I never remember so tremendous a success here, based upon so small a foundation, and establishing itself so firmly. When I say so small a foundation, I don't mean any allusion thereby to *Tamberlik*'s talent, for which none have a higher admiration than I have: but the public here neither understands in the slightest degree, nor cares for his talent. For the public, *Tamberlik* has one part, and in that part one note. He is incarnate in "Otello," and in "Otello" has the duet of the second act—the famous C sharp. This is all the French public knows of *Tamberlik*! Of his fine style, splendid diction, broad method of *spianato* singing, of his beautiful pronunciation, of his energy, of his artistical composition of the rôle, of all that makes him so very great an artist, the Parisian public has literally no notion whatever. The Parisian public, I repeat, knows of *Tamberlik* one part; in that part, one scene; in that scene, one note; and on this it trades with its enthusiasm; therefore, I again say, that so lasting a success has rarely been based on so small a foundation.

Some sensation is made here just now by the production at the Théâtre Lyrique of an opera, under the very curious title of "Gil Blas," and derived, of course, from Lesage's celebrated romance. I may be mistaken, but it strikes me the attraction of this will be found to consist entirely in the title of the piece, and in the fact of *Mme. Ugalde* personating the hero.

There, are some details in the course of the five acts that are not without merit; but, on the whole, the opera is a mistake, and could not be otherwise. Any one incident taken from "Gil Blas" might suffice for a comedy, opera, or drama; but the idea of compressing Lesage's whole book into one evening's entertainment is one of the most utterly insane ones that ever entered any human brain. You might as well try to make one opera of all the "Iliad!" The consequence is that no personage, no scene, no plot, has any interest—the whole is one confused jumble; and on both sides of the footlights, in the orchestra, and on the boards, noise is the deity sacrificed to. *M. Semet*, the composer, a man of some talent, and a really good musician, seems to me to have got a kind of musical kaleidoscope in his brain, and he goes on shaking it till the harassed ear has nowhere where it can rest in peace. Image follows image, and it is all so gaudy that fatigue is the inevitable result. *M. Semet* is Spaniard-bitten, and the glaring colours of a *majo* costume are evidently never out of his orchestral vision. As far as *Madme Ugalde* is concerned, she is really worth crossing the Chan-

nel to see. "She burns the boards," as the French term it; and in this case the term is a right one.

## THE UNIVERSITY AND CITY OF OXFORD.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Oxford, March 29, 1860.

The Statute on passing Decrees of Convocation, and the Lodging-house Statute, are to be voted on in congregation on Thursday the 26th of April, at two o'clock. We accidentally omitted one argument of Mr. Shand's last week with regard to the latter, which members will do well to consider before they vote for it, viz.—that notes of ingress and egress after a certain hour are no criterion whatever as to a man's real character and habits, as many a reading man of steady character may be frequently out late reading with a friend, or employed in many ways which are quite free from harm, so that the proposed restriction would only be an annoyance to quiet men, and no check to those of a contrary tendency. The Statute regulating Medical Degrees, which was rejected in Convocation a few days since, is to be re-promulgated on the same day. As far as we can see, no amendments have been embodied in it.

The Professor of Music, the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., delivered a most useful and interesting lecture on Metrical Psalmody and Hymnody in the Music Schools, on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at two o'clock. This is a subject which ought to be of peculiar interest to the clergy, comprehending, as it does, in an especial manner, the part to be taken by the congregation in this the most laudatory portion of divine service; and whereas most of the Professor's former lectures have chiefly had reference to the music of the cathedral, this relates almost exclusively to that of the parish church. The subject is considered in two different aspects, historically and practically. The first part of the historical portion of the lecture relates to the words of metrical psalms and hymns, the rest chiefly to the tunes set to them. The Professor, in speaking of the words of metrical psalms, &c., gave an account of the means by which the Version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins was superseded by the New Version by Tate and Brady, to such an extent that the New Version is almost universally printed and bound up with the Book of Common Prayer. One of the first officially-recommended collections of metrical psalms was that by George Withers (recently republished by the Rev. H. E. Havergal, late Chaplain of New College), which was authorised by James I., Archbishop Abbott, and the Convocation of the Clergy in 1624. The monopoly, however, enjoyed by the Stationers' Company greatly impeded its sale, and so it remained comparatively unknown. The same monopoly caused the gradual decline of the old version by Sternhold and Hopkins, in favour of the new one by Tate and Brady, in 1696, although Anthony à Wood and Bishop Beveridge both wrote in defence of the former, and the compilers of the latter, not being Hebraists, had wandered from the original, and made their version rather a paraphrase than a translation; till at length the new version, though in many respects inferior to the old, came into such general use as to be bound up with the Prayer. In the consideration of the practical part of the subject, the Professor noticed the following principal heads—The question (as regards congregational singing) of singing in unison or harmony; the advantage or disadvantage of leading them with a trained choir; the best substitute for an organ when that instrument is not procurable, &c. We will not go into all these questions further than to state that, in the Professor's opinion, unison and octave singing only should be used in churches where the service is congregational in style; in which view, though we were somewhat startled at first at hearing all harmonies forbidden excepting as regards the organ, we were obliged, after hearing his arguments, to coincide. (We may mention that Dr. Wesley of Winchester has published an edition of Metrical Tunes specially arranged for the organ, with the harmony varied for the several verses, for the purpose of furthering unison singing.) The organ is, of course,

the instrument for church music; but if this cannot be procured, a harmonium or seraphine is the best substitute, though no substitute can be really good. "But," continues the Professor, "of all horrible and detestable inventions, the very worst is that miserable and heartless piece of mechanical pseudo-devotion, that most chilling of all contrivances to deaden the fervour of religious praise, the hand-organ. I need surely say no more on such a point. I cannot bring myself to believe that in this age there is any considerable number of men who would dare to apologise for so very unartistic and uninspiring a machine. Better by far have no instrument at all; better by far use a concertina, an accordion, or even a pianoforte, anything, in short, capable of life and expression, than have recourse to devotional clock-work for your psalmody." As to the choice of tunes, the Professor advocated the cause of old ones as being generally in better style than, and preferable to new ones, and recommended only such new ones as were for the most part in common rather than triple time, in old and ecclesiastical style, which in no way necessitate the repetition of the words, and which seldom contain notes shorter than the semibreve and minim. He recommended the collection in use at the University Church, by Dr. Elvey, of New College, Chorus to the University; the collection edited by Goss and Mercer, in use at St. Paul's Cathedral; and one "containing perhaps too liberal a sprinkling of modern tunes, but retaining also all the best of the old ones, in an astonishingly cheap form," which has lately been published by the Rev. Dr. Maurice, late Chaplain of New College. This subject concluded the most interesting, practical, and generally useful lecture we have yet heard the Professor deliver. He mentioned no more collections than those above named, which he said were numerous. We cannot, however, refrain from mentioning two or three others, whose merits appear to us far above most that we know of; one by the Rev. T. H. Hawes, late Chaplain of New College, and Minor Canon of Wells; one by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, Honorary Canon of Worcester, which contains many excellent German chorales; and Dr. W. Hayes' not sufficiently known but eminently beautiful "Sixteen Psalms," lately edited by E. Clare, and published by Cocks and Co., London.

The funeral of the late beloved and respected Warden of New College took place on Wednesday last, between eleven and twelve o'clock a.m. The late Rev. David Williams was born on October 15, 1786, and, after receiving his early education in Winchester College, under the then head-master Dr. Gabell, was elected in due course a Founder's-kin Fellow of New College. His life was, from his undergraduate days, active and useful. While an undergraduate he was a member of the volunteer corps of that date. At the age of nineteen, being then S.C.L., he was an assistant-master in Winchester College, where he was constantly engaged in school duties till his retirement in 1836; a period of thirty-one years, during which he was appointed Second Master in 1810, and Head Master in 1824. The dates of his University degrees (which have been variously stated in different papers, one daily paper assigning to him the degree of B.A., which he never took, being in the "law line"), were, according to Bliss's "List of Graduates," B.C.L., Oct. 10, 1809; D.C.L., Jan. 22, 1824. In 1833 he was appointed Canon of Winchester; in 1840, Warden of New College; member of the Hebdomadal Council in 1855, Vice-Chancellor 1856-8. At the time of his death, which occurred suddenly (after a very short illness, and when his recovery was considered almost certain), on Thursday, the 22nd inst., he held all the last-named dignities, except the Vice-Chancellorship, and was also Pro-Vice-Chancellor, Delegate of Accounts, of appeals in poor-rate cases, and of appeals in congregation. As Warden of New College he was always most affable and accessible to all its members, who frequently enjoyed his hospitality, while the poor generally, and more especially the local charities, both in Oxford and Winchester, have lost a warm and generous friend. He was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and was as popular as a schoolmaster as he afterwards was as head of his College, of which fact his election to that post by a body of men,

nearly all of whom must have been under him at school, was surely no slight proof. As Vice-Chancellor he was always the thorough man of business; and no one who ever saw him presiding in Convocation will forget the manly, straightforward way in which he conducted its business, or the firmness and courtesy with which he carried out its rules, especially with regard to points on which discussion arose. The death of one so talented, so amiable, so universally respected, cannot but be long and severely felt; and every known circumstance of his life fully justifies the warm and fervent eulogium which Mr. Merriman, a former Fellow, said, and truly, that he could scarcely trust himself to pronounce upon him in the Lady-day University Sermon in his own chapel, in which he showed how the late Warden had truly been, both towards the body and towards individuals, a father to his College. "Let us not, however," he said, in conclusion, "be selfish in our sorrow; but let us remember that, though we have lost him, he has gained Christ, and that in the words of the last anthem which he heard in this chapel, which he loved so much, from which he was so seldom absent, 'The Lord is his refuge.'" Nearly all the Fellows, and all the chaplains, scholars, and choristers, followed the Warden to his resting-place, which is on the north side of the ante-chapel, just outside the screen. Many old members of the College, most of the Heads of Houses, the Dean of Winchester, Lord Chief-Justice Earle, and many others anxious to show their last mark of affectionate respect to the deceased, were present, to the number of nearly 300. None, we are happy to say, but those who had absolutely some connection with the Warden, or interest in being present beyond mere curiosity, were admitted; so that anything approaching a public spectacle was avoided. The service was partly chanted, partly read by the Rev. J. E. Sewell, Senior Fellow in orders, and was what the funeral of every great and good man ought to be—quiet, unostentatious, solemn, and devotional.

The University preachers for Sunday are the Rev. R. Michell, B.D., Lincoln; and the Rev. R. Joynes, B.D., Corpus.

#### ECCELESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

**THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.**—The vacant see of Rochester is at last filled up by the appointment of the venerable Joseph Cotton Wigram, M.A., Archdeacon of Winchester, and Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton. The new bishop graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1819, as sixth wrangler; and is supposed to belong to what is called the Low-Church party. Bishop Wigram will not be entitled to a seat in the House of Lords until a vacancy occurs in some other diocese than Canterbury, York, Durham, Winchester, or London.

#### MISCELLANEA.

**RUSSIAN AMERICA.**—Few persons are aware of the vast extent and the growing importance of the Russian possessions in the Pacific. The attention of Western Europe has been too much absorbed in its own affairs to be able to note the gradual extension and progress of the Eastern Empire of Russia, which has been going on ever since it was founded in 1775, or thereabouts. The discovery of that portion of the American continent which is now known as Russian America, about this time, by a set of enterprising Russian adventurers, was more the work of chance than the result of any regular exploration. These adventurers commenced trading with the inhabitants of the Aleutic (or Fox) Islands, and in course of time realised vast profits. But they treated the islanders with great cruelty. In consequence of complaints which reached St. Petersburg, to this effect, in 1776, the Empress Catherine II. instructed General Tschitscherine, then Governor of Siberia, to recommend the merchants to treat the natives in an affable and conciliatory spirit, and in their trade-dealings not to be exacting or fraudulent. About 1783 a sagacious young merchant named Gregory Schelekoff determined to make an effort to establish a regular trade with the inhabitants of these distant

regions. An expedition was accordingly fitted out for this purpose. The company who formed the expedition met with some opposition on the part of the natives on their first landing, but Schelekoff soon managed to conciliate them. The island at which this expedition landed was called Kyktak, or Kodiack. The Russian standard was hoisted, and formal possession taken of the island. From that time the trade, which is principally in furs, has gradually extended, and with it both the territory and influence of the Russian empire, which now extends from the confines of Prussia in Europe to the frontiers of British Columbia in North America. The distance between these two points is about ten thousand miles. The gigantic dominions of Russia are still in a condition of progress and development. While some portions have reached the highest state of civilisation, others are still grovelling in a state of primitive barbarism. But we have no doubt that in these vast and distant regions, of which we have hitherto known so little, both commerce and civilisation will yet be developed to an extent of which, at present, we have no conception. The Russians are energetic, persevering, and politic. They are ambitious, too, of extending their influence over all quarters of the globe, and their prudent and conciliatory conduct has already done much towards gaining the friendship of their semi-barbarous neighbours in the far-east, which, with their usual far-sighted policy, they will doubtless turn to good account.

**PROPOSED MONUMENT TO JOHN BUNYAN.**—On the evening of Monday, the 12th inst., a meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the presidency of the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury, to take into consideration the most appropriate means for raising, by public subscription, a Metropolitan Monument to John Bunyan. The meeting was attended by many gentlemen of influence in the Established Church, and Dissenting congregations, and the following resolution was agreed to unanimously:—"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the absence of any public record for a period of nearly two hundred years to the memory of so distinguished a man as John Bunyan, is a matter deeply to be regretted; and that his eminent services in the cause of religion, and his untiring zeal for the welfare of his fellow-men, demand the lasting gratitude of Christendom. It is therefore considered by this meeting to be very desirable that a statue to his memory be erected by public subscription in one of the leading and most public thoroughfares in the metropolis."

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No charge for Volunteer Military Corps whilst serving in the United Kingdom.

Policy Stamps paid by the Office.

Immediate application should be made to the Resident Director, 8, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, W.

(By Order)

P. MACINTYRE, Secretary.

**BANK OF DEPOSIT** (Established A.D. 1844), 3, Pall Mall East, London.—Capital Stock £100,000.

Parties desirous of Investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security.

Deposits made by special agreement may be withdrawn without notice.

The interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening accounts sent free on application.

Instituted in the Reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.

**UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY,** FIRE AND LIFE.

Offices—81, Cornhill, and 70, Baker Street, London; and in Bristol, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin, Hamburg, Berlin, and Berne.

**FIRE INSURANCES** falling due at **LADY-DAY** should be **PAID** on the 25th inst., or within 15 days after.

Life Insurers are not subject to any extra premium on joining Volunteer Rifle Corps.

Prospectuses and Forms of Proposal sent free on application to the Secretary.

WM. B. LEWIS, Secretary.

**THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

Established 1836.

Offices, No. 1, Dale Street, Liverpool; and 20 and 21, Foultry, London.

Annual Revenue ... .. £450,000

Invested Funds ... .. £1,200,000

The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Proprietors of this Company was held on the 16th inst.

The Report of the Board of Directors was adopted unanimously, and shewed—

That the Fire Premiums for the Year amounted to ... .. £295,414 8s. 10d.

That the Life Premiums were ... .. £127,415 14s. 9d.

And the New Life Business, 815 Policies,

Insuring ... .. £499,808 0s. 0d.

On which the Premiums were ... .. £14,520 11s. 8d.

That the Annuities payable by the Company were ... .. £18,934 10s. 9d.

The number of Proprietors exceeds 900; and their great wealth and unlimited liability renders the security of the Company altogether beyond question.

Prospectuses, copies of the Reports, and any further information may be had on application.

## SECOND-HAND HARMONIUMS.—

**CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.** have a stock of various descriptions.—201, Regent Street.

**PIANOFORTES.**—**CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.'s**—For Sale or Hire. Every variety, New and Second-hand, warranted.—201, Regent Street.

**HARMONIUMS.**—**CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.** have every description. **CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.** are also Chief Agents for Alexandre's New Patent.—201, Regent Street.

## BENNETT'S WATCHES, 65 and 64,

Cheapside, in gold and silver, in great variety, of every construction and price, from 3 to 60 guineas. Every watch skillfully examined, and its correct performance guaranteed. Free and safe per post.

Money Orders to JOHN BENNETT, Watch Manufacturer, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

## INFANT NURSERY, BROMPTON, CHATHAM.

The object of the above Institution is to receive and maintain the Infant Children of Soldiers and Sailors during the day, and thus afford an opportunity to the Mothers to assist in supporting themselves.

PATRONESS.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

VICE-PATRONESSES.

The Duchess of Roxburgh. Lady Jones, Crammer Hall, Falkenham.

The Countess of Darnley. Lady Bligham, Heathfield Lodge, Ringwood.

The Dowry Countess of Winchelsea and Nottingham. Lady Smith, Hyde Park Sqr.

Lady Stapleton, Mereworth. Mrs. William Angerstein.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Bradford.	Mrs. Lang.
Mrs. Connelly.	Mrs. Lovell.
Mrs. Cooke.	Mrs. Parke.
Mrs. Ellis.	Mrs. Newton Phillips.
Mrs. Easken.	Mrs. Pope.
Mrs. Allen Fielding.	Mrs. Roney.
Mrs. Fincham.	Mrs. Sandham.
Mrs. Goldsmith.	Mrs. Shaw.
Mrs. C. Green.	Mrs. M. Williams.
Mrs. Jenkins.	Mrs. Alfred Wright.

TREASURER.

Mrs. Powlett Bingham.

HON. MED. OFFICER. HON. SECRETARY.

H. Weeks, Esq. Rev. Daniel Cooke.

This Institution was opened in January last; the Committee have, therefore, had abundant opportunity of testing its usefulness, and they are now thankful to be able to report to those friends who have already contributed to its support, that it has succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Since its opening, above **EIGHTY INFANTS**, of from two months to four years of age, have been received into the Nursery, which is open daily, from half-past six in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, Saturdays and Sunday's excepted. A Matron and three assistants are in charge of the infants, whilst the mothers have been brought under the notice of the Committee, provided with suitable employment, and thus put in a way of contributing to their own support.

As stated by **HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE**, in his opening remarks at the meeting held at Willis's Rooms (on behalf of the Central Association), February 10th, 1858:—

"The object in view is not to encourage sloth and idleness, not to say to the families of Soldiers, 'You have nothing to do, you need take no care of yourselves, you needn't look to your conduct, or to the mode in which you are to gain a livelihood;' but the object will be to encourage the honest and hard-working, to obtain employment for such as are in a position to work for their living, and to send the children of the Association to school."

The improved condition and appearance of the children who have been received into the Nursery is most gratifying; with additional means, your Committee hope to extend its usefulness; they therefore commend it to the generous sympathy of all who are interested in the welfare of our brave Soldiers and Sailors, firmly believing that they will cheerfully contribute to the support of an Institution which seeks to benefit their Infant Children, a larger proportion of whom die in infancy than amongst any other class, chiefly, it is to be feared, from the want of proper care and nourishment.

## EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS,

**WIDOWS AND OTHERS**, having Residuary Accounts to pass, or Valuations for Probate or Legacy Duty made, may save much time and expense on application to Messrs. **BRADBERRY and Co.** Licensed Valuers for Administration, &c., 3, Dean's Court, Doctors' Commons, E.C.

**SILKS EXTRAORDINARY CHEAP.****NEW SPRING GOODS AT HALF**

**PRICE.**—Immediate and unreserved Sale of the Spring and Summer Stock of Ellis, Sandeman, and Rogiere, which has been kept in the bonded warehouses waiting the Government arrangement consequent on the ratification of the Commercial Treaty with France, and has now been cleared under the New Tariff, duty free. This reduction, together with the enormous discount, amounting no less than 54½ per cent. from cost price, at which the whole stock was purchased by Messrs. AMOTT BROTHERS & CO., 61 and 62, St. Paul's Churchyard, will ensure to every purchaser the unusual advantage of the real value of One Sovereign for 6s. 6d. The entire stock of the above bankrupts, consisting of silks, shawls, mantles, dress fabrics, mohairs, reps, droguets, gloves, hosiery, lace, ribbons, jewellery, ornaments, &c., together with an immense stock of Irish linens, sheetings, towellings, long cloths, prints, flannels, petticoats, a portion of which have been cut from the looms to facilitate the realisation of the estate by the Assignees, will be submitted on MONDAY and the three following days, without reserve, at 61 and 62, St. Paul's Churchyard. Large consumers, hotel proprietors, and others, will save 13s. 6d. in the pound by purchasing from the following lots. Thus every customer for 6s. 6d. realising the net cost worth of One Sovereign: Black Silks Catalogue, Duty Free and Discount off—200 pieces black gros de Naples, 2s. 4½d. per yard, well worth 3s. 6d., 110 pieces double twisted, glossy and warranted pure, 2s. 6½d. per yard, worth 4s. 4d., 57 pieces treble ducape, endless in wear, 2s. 9½d. worth 4s. 6d. per yard. 200 dress lengths, 12 yards for 1 guinea, worth double. Several hundred robes in rich glaze ducape, very stout and handsome, 11s. 5s. 6d., warranted value 50s. 347 magnificent black Lyons glaze robes, fast dyes, cost bankrupts 2l. 3s., will be cleared out at 1½ guineas. A large parcel of pure Italian floss silk robes, stout, rich, and exceedingly handsome, are all marked 2l. the long robe of 12 ells; these goods are cheap at 4 guineas. 47 pieces of the richest French glaze silks, of unequalled brightness and lustre, thick, full, and soft, warranted not to split, 3s. 6d. per yard, worth 7s. 6d. 190 dress pieces of rich black moire antiques, warranted all pure silk, cost bankrupts 1l. 10s., have been marked the low price of 2l. 18s. 6d. for nine yards, double width, 10 pieces rich broadened ditto, 3½ guineas the full robe, are worthy of special notice. A large lot of black silk flouncings with trimmings complete, with Bayadere satin stripes, handsome and good, are all marked 1l. 5s. 6d.; these are decided bargains. 690 rich broad flounced silk robes, variously rich in detail, cost bankrupts 4l. will be cleared at 2½ guineas. 310 richest broche bar, and figured two flounced robes, down in the catalogue at 90s., for 3 guineas. Several hundred superb and costly black silk robes, various, suited to ladies of rank, will be sold for 4 guineas each, worth from 8 to 12 guineas. Coloured and other Silks, Duty free and Discount off—200 dresses, small fancy checked silks, 19s. 11½d. the robe, original cost 2l. 20 pieces superior Piccolomini bars, all at 1l. 4s. 6d., worth 50s. 1,500 plain glaze, broche, plaid, chene, French reps, and other silks various, have been marked at 2l. the full robe; these goods could not be bought in the usual course of business under 5l. A grand selection in Paris fancy silks, such as poul de Soies, gros de Naples, glaze, chene, flounced silks, moire antiques, and other robes, the newest styles and colours, rich qualities in excellent taste and condition, cost 6l., may be picked from at 2l. 18s. 6d. 400 evening and dinner silks, various, estimated 3l. 10s. reduced to 1l. 15s. 6d., for 12 ells. A large lot of rich reps, taffetas, in bright colours, marked 1l. 18s. 6d., are worth double. Superb Lyons broadened silk robes, all colours, in the purest and most graceful arrangements, down in the catalogue at 7l., may be had at 3½ guineas. Real Irish poplins, in the richest turtan and fancy plaids, original price 4l., reduced to 2l. 5s. 110 rich moire antique of best quality, the water magnificently defined, colours perfection, at 3½ guineas the full robe; these superb productions are only occasionally to be obtained even at the highest prices. A considerable parcel of check glaze silks, suitable for evening wear, bright and glossy, 1s. 6½d. per yard. 500 garment silks, in checked, striped, and diagonal patterns, cost bankrupts 4s., for One Sovereign the robe. 300 pieces, 1s. 11½d. per yard, wide width, worth 2l. the robe. 94 pieces of handsome silk reps, treble shaded glaze Levantine silks all at 2s. 6½d. per yard, estimated value 6s. 2d., 140 dresses in the new rise stripes, 1l. 3s. 6d. the robe, worth 2l. 5s. 54 pieces of rich silk droguets, 1½ guinea the long robe of 12 ells, really worth 70s. 210 diagonal gros d'Afrique, 2 guineas, worth at least 90s. 810 new Paris shapes, in glaze silks, mantles, duty free, worth 2l. each, are all marked 1l. 1s. 570 French mantles of exquisite taste and very rich in quality, have been marked 1½ guineas each, many amongst them containing 12 yards of wide width glaze, and are really worth 4l. to 5l. The superb and costly Stock in Trade of a general Mourning Establishment at half-price. Patterns post free.—Messrs. AMOTT BROTHERS & CO., 61 and 62, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

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**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH** is the only Starch used in Her Majesty's Laundry, and as some unprincipled parties are now making and offering for sale an imitation of the Glenfield Starch, we hereby caution all our customers to be careful, when purchasing, to see that the word **GLENFIELD** is on each packet, to copy which is felony.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.

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**MIXER** is superior to Spoons or other articles of Metal that corrode, &c. No invalid should be without them. Town and country chemists, medicine vendors, and others requiring agencies, may apply to

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**BEST ARTICLES**  
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ESTABLISHED A.D. 1700.

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**TOOLS.**—In this department will be found every implement requisite for the practical or scientific horticulturist, including all modern and improved inventions. Illustrated price lists, on application, post free.

**Mechanical Tools** of every description. Also, Tool Chests fitted complete with Tools of warranted quality, and varying in price from 6s. to £12. They are well adapted for the amateur, the practical mechanic, or the emigrant.

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4 feet wide .....	£13 10 0	5 feet 3 inches .....	£21 0 0
4 feet 3 inches ..	15 0 0	5 feet 6 inches ..	22 10 0
4 feet 6 inches ..	16 10 0	5 feet 9 inches ..	24 0 0
4 feet 9 inches ..	18 0 0	6 feet .....	25 0 0
5 feet .....	19 10 0		

**DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY** has been celebrated for more than 150 years for quality and cheapness. The stock is extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to the taste and means of every purchaser. Ladies' Scissors in choice variety. Penknives and every description of pocket cutlery.

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**PATENT CORN FLOUR.**

**THE LANCET STATES,**

"This is superior to anything of the kind known."

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**BROWN and POLSON,**

Manufacturers to Her Majesty the Queen:  
Paisley, and 23, Ironmonger Lane, London.

**PURE SCOTCH MALT WHISKEY.**

**DONALD DUNCAN'S PURE SCOTCH** MALT WHISKIES are CHEAPER, MORE WHOLESOME, and FAR SUPERIOR to the finest FRENCH BRANDY.

**ROYAL BALMORAL**, a very fine, mild, and mellow spirit..... 15s. per gallon.  
The **PRINCE'S USQUEBAUGH**, a much-admired and delicious spirit..... 18s. "

**DONALD DUNCAN'S** celebrated Registered **D.D. WHISKEY**, of extraordinary quality and age..... 20s. "

Two gallons of either of the above sent to any part, or sample forwarded for 12 stamps. Terms, Cash.

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**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**

**METALLIC PEN MAKER TO HER MAJESTY.**  
BY ROYAL COMMAND.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT** begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will insure universal approbation and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and a facsimile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

**WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS**, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

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Statistics show that 50,000 persons annually fall victims to Pulmonary Disorders, including Consumption, Diseases of the Chest, and the Respiratory Organs. Prevention is at all times better than cure; be, therefore, prepared during the wet and Wintry Season, with a supply of KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard. Retail by all Druggists, &c.

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The Pale Newfoundland, pure and tasteless, the Light Brown, cheaper and of good quality. The demand for these Oils, most highly recommended for their medicinal properties has so greatly increased, that Mr. Keating, being desirous to bring them within the reach of all classes, now imports direct, the Pale from Newfoundland, and the Brown from the Norwegian Islands. The Pale may be had in Half-pints, 1s. 6d.; Pints, 2s. 6d.; Quarts, 4s. 6d. The Light Brown, in Pints, 1s. 8d.; Quarts, 3s. At 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

**Post Free for Two Stamps.****EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF**

An Entirely NEW THEORY OF CURING DISEASE, being the recorded experience of 50 years' special practice in Great Britain, France, and America—with evidence of the actual effects of the latest Scientific Discoveries, denominated **NEW LOCAL REMEDIES**, with the adjuncts of Constitutional Treatment not yet generally known, even by the medical faculty of the British Empire, but which have been recently introduced into England. Sent free on receipt of two stamps to defray postage, &c., by W. HILL, Esq., M.A., No. 27, Alfred-place, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—Daily consultations from Eleven till Two, and Six to Eight, Evening.

**CURE OF SEVERE COUGH AND COLD BY****DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.**

From Mr. T. Johnson, Chemist, Leek.  
"An elderly gentleman in this town, labouring under a severe cold and cough, obtained from me a box of 'Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers,' from which he derived so much benefit that he now recommends them to all. I could, if necessary, furnish you with numerous respectable testimonials from persons who have derived special benefit from their use. (Signed) T. JOHNSON."

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To SMOKEES and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a most pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Chemists.



**FRIEND OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION.**

4, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, CHARING CROSS, W.C.

The Committee of the Friend of the Clergy Corporation beg the careful attention of their Friends and Subscribers to the following Statements and Correspondence with reference to certain charges as to the management of the affairs of the Corporation, which have been, as they submit, most unjustly made against them.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON having, in December last, forwarded to the Committee of this Corporation a letter received by his Lordship from a Mrs. Batchelor, of Wells, Somerset, containing statements calculated to lead to most erroneous impressions as to the management and progress of this Corporation; and the Committee knowing that similar misstatements were forwarded to the Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton, in the year 1854; and having also good reason to believe that, for some years past, many of the Subscribers have been circulated by the same lady, in a manner tending greatly to injure the Charity; and also believing that the public reference in the *Times*, of the 21st of January last, to the losses sustained by the Corporation in the year 1854; and the remarks by a Correspondent ("S. G. O.") in that paper on the general management, were prompted by similar misrepresentations, the Committee consider it necessary to put the Subscribers and the public in possession of the following facts.

Upon Lord Lyttelton's communicating to the Committee in 1858, the statement which had been made to him, a Special Sub-Committee of investigation was formed, who, after a most careful examination, prepared a Report and comparative Analysis of the expenditure of this Corporation, with that of some of the leading Charities in London, the result of which was stated in the following terms:—

"With a view, however, to ascertain whether the working expenses of this Corporation were greater than those of other Societies of a similar character, the Sub-Committee have obtained the published Reports in various years of several Societies; and on comparing the working expenses of those Societies with those of this Corporation, the Sub-Committee have found that so far from this Corporation being open to the charge now made, the comparison tells, in the opinion of the Sub-Committee, greatly in favour of this Corporation; and they cannot but congratulate the Corporation on the result, which shows that as compared with other Societies of much longer standing, this Corporation is conducted actually at quite as cheap, and, in some instances—considering the relative ages of the Societies—at a cheaper rate than those with which it has been compared.

Upon such Report of the Sub-Committee, together with the books, accounts, documents, and other data on which that Report was founded, being submitted to Lord Lyttelton, he was pleased to express his entire satisfaction with the proceedings of the Corporation, and stated his intention, if again addressed on the subject by Mrs. Batchelor, to refer her to such Report as a sufficient answer to her statements.

The Committee have also the gratification to state that the Lord Bishop of London received a Deputation appointed to wait on him with reference to this matter; and after hearing their explanations and refutation of the statements contained in Mrs. Batchelor's letter to his Lordship; he likewise was pleased to express his confidence in the management and progress of the Corporation, and to say that he would, in accordance with his previously expressed intention, preach the Anniversary Sermon on Sunday the 18th of March, at Eaton Chapel, Eaton Square.

The following are the remarks which appeared in a letter from a correspondent, ("S. G. O."), in the *Times* of the 21st of January last. After taking certain objections to the balance-sheet of the Trinitarian Bible Society for 1859, he proceeds to say:—

"The 'Friend of the Clergy Corporation' was founded in 1850; it gives pensions, not less than £30 or more than £40 to the widows and orphan unmarried daughters of Clergymen of the Established Church; it helps necessitous Clergy. The programme of its Patrons, Committee, Officers, &c., occupies nearly four pages; it is hardly possible to conceive a more imposing array, 'the type,' worthy of the names. With such a staff, and such 'true' as the report affords, I should have expected (it is in its tenth year) this Corporation to be very sound in wind and limb. Alas! I look over an abstract from its Reports, and I soon find it has been subject to the same disease which weakens so many a Corporation. In 1855 there is the 'mark of the beast'—the vaccination scar to which so many Societies expose themselves, I conclude, to keep off some other evil. 'Deficiency by the late Secretary, £4552 11s. 7d.' In this same year the Festival cost—£, e. is charged—£197 17s. 6d.; in 1856, Festival, £291 17s. 10d.

"In the Report for this year, or rather 1859, the donations and subscriptions are £3383 8s. 6d. The expenses are £1081 7s. 2d. And this is in the teeth of the fact that the income is on the decrease. It is all very well to plead the success of 'Festivals'; I doubt whether they can be depended upon: certainly, because by this tavern pressure you can now and then raise, with a Duke in the chair, £500, it is no reason why such an immoderate percentage of the receipts should go in management. In the year 1854, there was an extra item—quite a curiosity—literally a 'fast' instead of a feast. 'By postponement of meeting by reason of a public fast,' £130 8s. 4d. I may, perhaps, by the way, be here excused for noticing an item in the Church Missionary Report for this year. 'Incidental expenses—charges at Exeter Hall, on occasion of the fifty-ninth Anniversary and sundries, £374 7s. 8d.' Between this cost for an Anniversary, and that of the Friend of the Clergy for not having a Festival, I own I am in a fix for any possible or probable explanation. I should have conceived that the dinner not eaten might have cost less. I can't conceive how the 'Anniversary' cost £374 7s. 8d., unless, professedly not an eating affair, a good deal was eaten.

"To return to the 'Friend of the Clergy.' It has four 'General Auditors,' three Special Auditors, whose duty it is to audit the accounts under 'the special object' of the Corporation. Of the four, three are members of the 'Committee,' the other is a 'Trustee' of the 'Specials,' one is a Physician, being also on the Committee, the second is also on the Committee, the third is the 'Solicitor' to the Corporation, who certainly has work found him, for in 1853 he was paid £136 14s. 2d., the next year £197 2s. 4d., in 1855 a high figure, ditto, 1857: this year a modest £108 3s. 3d. It is true there is a Professional Auditor and Accountant; but, although his name is attached beneath those of two 'General Auditors' to the balance-sheet, I do not see any payment charged on his account before or since the years 1856-57, when there is presumptive evidence that he was employed to 'right' the Corporation on the discovery of the deficiency 'by the late Secretary.'

"I am happy to say that eighty-eight ladies do receive pensions. I am told, on good authority, that there are as many as one hundred and twenty-eight trying to obtain the 'aid' of whom, at least one has tried for the twentieth time. I will only add my belief that this excellent charity needs a far more vigilant attention to its management, less waste in expenses of its funds, and a more satisfactory audit of its accounts. It clearly might do more good at less cost."

Having made this attack upon the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, S. G. O. then concludes with strictures upon the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In a leading article of the *Times* of the same date it was also observed:—

"There are those, we have no doubt, who can explain satisfactorily how the 'postponement' of an Anniversary meeting is an expense to the Friend of the Clergy Corporation of £130; and the celebration of an Anniversary meeting costs the Church Missionary Society £374; who are able to prove that the Solicitor to the first-named Corporation is a proper and suitable member of its special 'board of auditors'; who can account for the expenses, &c., of the Trinitarian Bible Society, and who can see in the annual £10,000, which the British and Foreign Bible Society spends in the one article of salaries, only a proof of the economy and wisdom of that body. But, though explanations may be plausible and ingenious, it is certainly awkward to have so much to explain, and to have allowed unfavourable appearances to grow to such a height."

On the 23rd of January the Committee forwarded the following reply to the editor of the *Times*. It has not been allowed to appear in that paper. Other and leading portions of the press have, however, inserted it. It is as follows:—

"To the Editor of the *Times*.

"Sir,—In reply to the remarks made by your correspondent 'S. G. O.' on the 21st inst. on the financial management of the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, the Committee beg to offer the following observations:—The Corporation was founded by Mr. Aldrich in December, 1849. Under the original constitution, he, as the founder, was made Secretary and one of the Trustees. From the implicit confidence placed by the then Committee in him, he was enabled to defraud the Corporation to a very considerable amount. He absconded. Immediate steps were taken to apprehend him, but he escaped from the country. The Right Hon. Lord St. Leonards and Lord Lyttelton made a searching investigation into the affairs of the Corporation, and, acting under the valuable advice of the former nobleman, the Committee adopted the plan of management suggested by him, which has since been strictly followed.

"A Finance Committee meet monthly, who audit and check every item of receipt and expenditure made during the month. At the end of the year, the whole of the accounts are strictly examined by a paid Professional Auditor, who first goes through every item by himself, and subsequently scrutinises them together with the unpaid Auditors, who may or may not be members of the Corporation. The Secretary gives security for £1,000, the Collector for £100. Every cheque is signed by the Chairman of the Corporation, one of the Honorary Secretaries, the Solicitor, and the paid Secretary. These are some of the means by which the Committee have endeavoured to secure the interests of the Corporation.

"A reference to the balance-sheets since 1856-7 will show that they have been prepared and signed by the paid Professional Auditor. His payment has, perhaps unwisely, been included under the item of office expenses. The Committee have, in fact, since the discovery of the losses in 1855, adopted those checks upon extravagant expenditure and defalcation which have been advocated by several of your correspondents.

"With respect to the items alluded to by 'S. G. O.' the Committee beg to state that, owing to the manner in which the accounts were kept by Mr. Aldrich, they are unable to show the actual amount received from the Festival charged in 1855 at £197 17s. 6d. The Festival in 1856, which cost £291 17s. 10d., produced a return of £710 2s. 4d., leaving a balance in favour of the Corporation of £418 4s. 8d.

"The proportion of the expenses of management to the income received in 1859 in order to be fairly stated, requires that the sum of £580 18s. 9d. received from sermons, and of £289 7s. from the Festival, should be added to the amount of subscriptions and donations of £3383 8s. 6d. mentioned by 'S. G. O.'; thus making an income derived from voluntary contributions of £4,253 14s. 3d., against an expenditure of £1081 7s. 2d. The working of the Corporation cost therefore about 25 per cent. of such income. This, which is found by most Charitable Societies, so far as their income is derived from voluntary contributions, to be the actual expenditure necessary to secure the support of the benevolent public, has caused the Committee considerable anxiety. So far, however, from the income of the Corporation being, as stated by 'S. G. O.' on the decrease, the Committee have the gratification to state that since the year 1857 it has been steadily on the increase.

"There is a considerable doubt in the minds of many persons as to the advisability of public dinners for Charities. Whilst, however, they are found not only to add to the income, but also to secure the services of some of the most eminent noblemen and statesmen in the country, the Committee feel that if they were to discontinue them an injury would be inflicted on the welfare of the Corporation. They have to regard not only the income derivable from a public

dinner, but the acknowledged benefit received by the publicity thereby secured.

"The expenditure of £130 8s. 4d., for the postponement of the Festival in 1854, referred to by 'S. G. O.', arose from the fact of the day for which it had been fixed, being appointed as a day of public humiliation, after all the expenses of printing and advertising, &c., had been incurred. This rendered fresh advertisements, postages, printing, &c., necessary. In point of fact, the whole work had to be done over again.

"The Solicitor's bills of 1853 and 1854 were increased the absolutely necessary expenses of obtaining a charter of incorporation, the fees to the Home Office and Attorney-General alone amounting to £117 17s. 6d. The Solicitor's bills for the years 1855, 1856, and 1857, amount altogether to only £90 5s. 6d., and are composed chiefly of charges incurred in consequence of the bankruptcy of Sir John Dean Paul, one of the original Trustees, the appointment of new Trustees, and other unavoidable business.

"The Special Fund relates only to pecuniary assistance rendered to poor clergymen and their families. This is the only portion of the accounts which has ever been audited by the Solicitor. The Auditors of the Special Fund have nothing whatever to do with the general account and expenditure of the Corporation, and, consequently, the Solicitor, as one of such Auditors, can never audit any account whatever in which he has any personal interest.

"The Committee desire to thank 'S. G. O.' for the acknowledgment of his belief that the Friend of the Clergy Corporation is 'an excellent Charity.' They have only one desire—to do the most good they can at the least possible cost; and they will be happy to receive any suggestions from 'S. G. O.' whereby the expenditure of the Corporation may be diminished without loss to its funds.

"They also take this opportunity of stating that the books of the Corporation are at all times open to the inspection of any member, and that the Secretary is directed to give every information with reference to the working and principles of management.

"In conclusion, the Committee may state their great regret that 'S. G. O.' did not take adequate means to obtain full and complete information—which he does not appear to have done—previously to his making the charges contained in his letter.

"Signed, by order of the Committee,

"J. C. COLQUHOUN, Chairman of the day,

"J. E. COX, M.A., } Hon.

"J. N. GOREN, M.A., } Secretaries.

"4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

"Jan. 23, 1860."

The Committee beg to offer to all Subscribers every facility for investigating the management and accounts of the Society. They earnestly hope that no *ex-parte* statements will be permitted to injure a Corporation which now affords relief to ninety-two pensioners. These ladies are almost entirely dependent on it for their maintenance. The same generous support hitherto given, if continued, will not only secure the income of these pensioners, but enable the Society to add extensively to their number.

A. J. RAM, M.A., Chairman of the Committee.

J. E. COX, M.A., F.S.A., } Hon.

J. N. GOREN, M.A., } Secretaries.

G. M. BOYES, Professional Auditor and Accountant.

H. BRAMALL, Secretary.

January 30, 1860.

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